VOL. CCXXVI, No. 2947
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SEPTEMBER 22, 1956

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Inventions in Guinness Time...5

THE GRAMOPHONE

When Father's new phonograph stood in the hall,
He said, with forgivable pride,
"Just think! We'll hear Patti sing Brahms and Scarlatti
Without ever stepping outside!"

But Grandfather said, "It's a shame
To give new-fangled things such acclaim;
That's what you're wrong about—
I make a song about
Guinness—that's always the same!"

"But see," exclaimed Father, "the elegant horn,
The cylinders coated with wax.
With the latest improvements they last a whole movement
(Twice over, including the cracks)."

But Grandfather muttered, "My hat!
It's no good to me, and that's flat!
If *I'm* to last longer,
I'll have to be stronger—
I need Guinness Goodness for that!"

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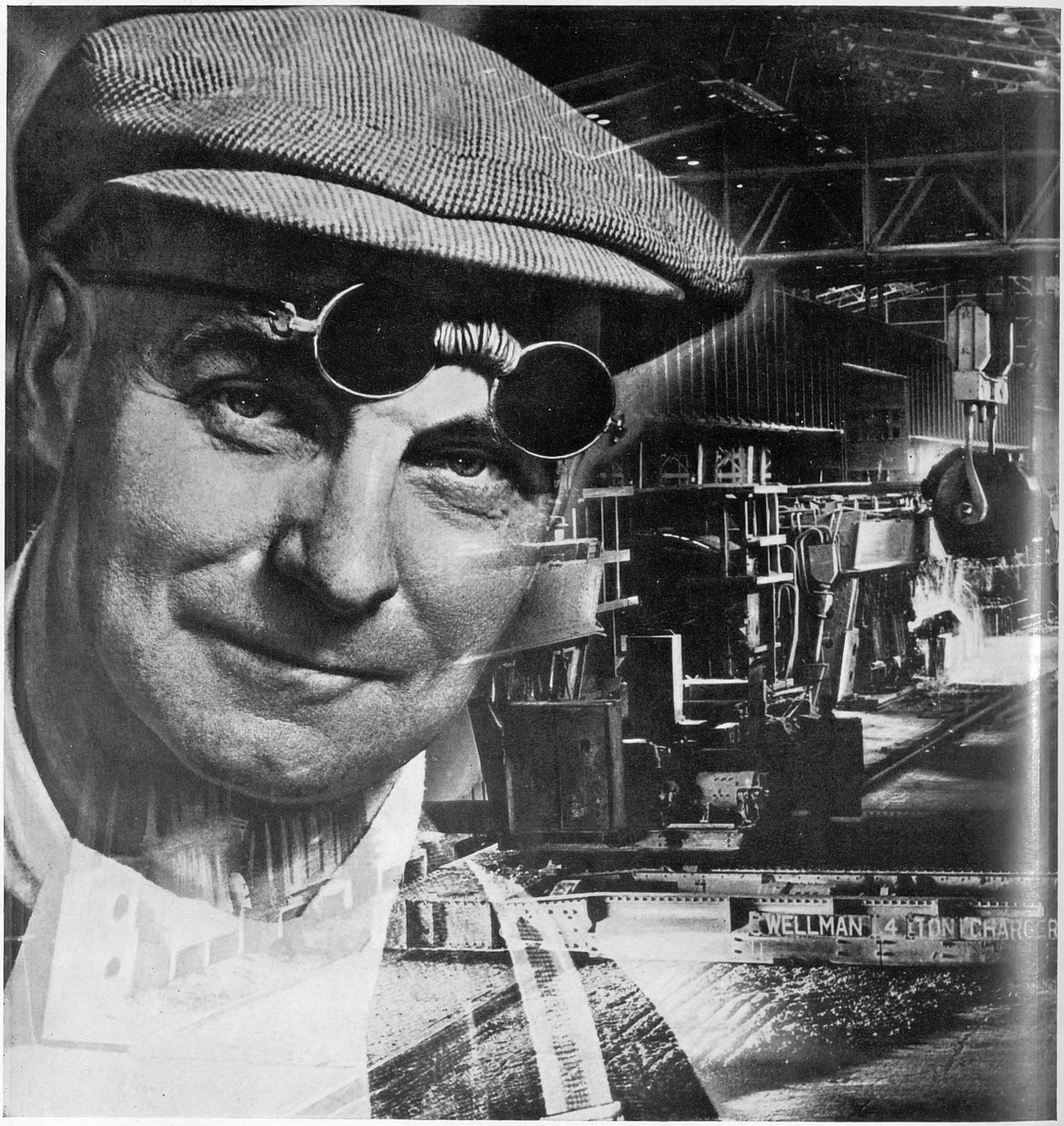

Key man, key industry

HERE IS JAMES WOOLLEY, first hand melter in a steelworks in Lincolnshire. His job needs strength, and skill as well. James Woolley has both. He's been making steel for twenty-six years.

Steel from his company goes to all parts of the world. It may leave Britain in any one of a hundred forms: as railway equipment, as ships, as massive structures for engineering projects.

As the world's demand grows, British steelmakers increase their efforts to turn out steel of the quality and quantity needed. Behind these increased efforts are men of the calibre of James Woolley.

British steel leads the world

S.106 THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Volume CCXXVI No. 2947

The SPHERE, London, September 22, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A MERCHANT FLEET AWAITS SAILING ORDERS—THE CROWDED ANCHORAGE IN COWES ROADS: Freighters and cargo vessels chartered by the Ministry of Transport make up the greater part of a vast fleet which lies anchored in Cowes Roads, awaiting sailing orders in connection with the Suez crisis. The total tonnage of the vessels is over 130,000, which constitutes the largest assembly of ships in the Roads, with the exception of naval reviews, since before D-Day.

Never since the days of grim preparation before the Allied invasion of Europe have Cowes Roads seen a greater assembly of merchant vessels than the one which lies there at the present moment. Only the occasional naval review of warships surpasses it in numbers and tonnage. Between Cowes and Wootton there are some twenty ships with a total tonnage of over 130,000. Most of them are freighters and general cargo vessels chartered by the Ministry of Transport and charged with military equipment and stores. The ships were loaded at Southampton, Portsmouth and other ports, but as yet have not received any sailing orders. Their crews are in temporary idleness and the demand for reading matter among them has been so great that the Missions to Seamen library at Southampton is almost empty. Over 2,000 books and magazines have been dispatched to Cowes Roads for the crews and the detachments of troops who are with the equipment and stores. Any decision as to the time of sailing of the fleet or its destination depends on the present crisis (Other pictures dealing with the Suez situation appear on pages 422-25.)

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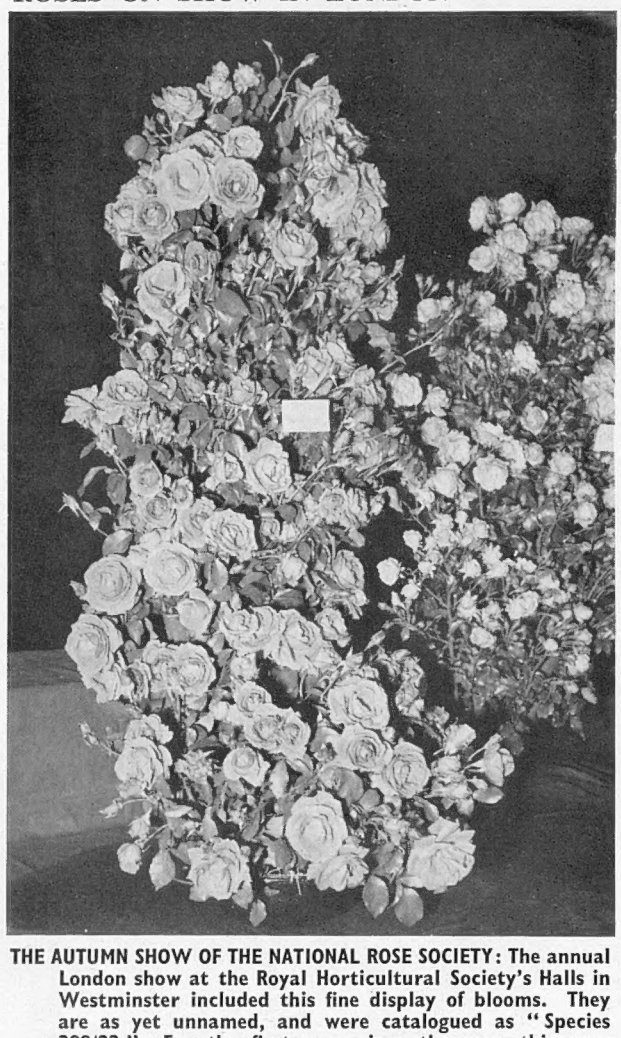
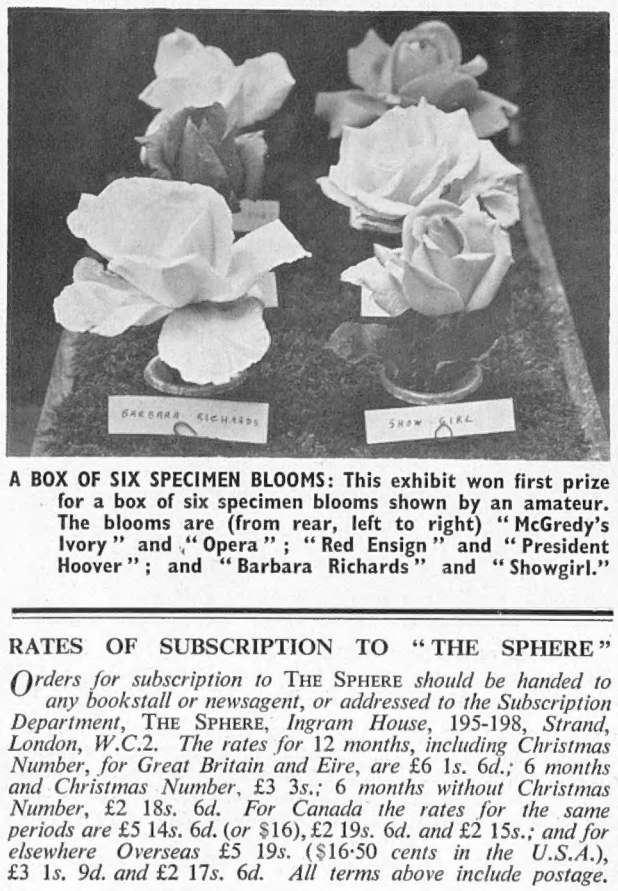
ROSES ON SHOW IN LONDON



THE AUTUMN SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY: The annual London show at the Royal Horticultural Society's Halls in Westminster included this fine display of blooms. They are as yet unnamed, and were catalogued as "Species 299/22." For the first year since the war, this very popular show was spread over two days instead of one.

A PRIZEWINNING ARRANGEMENT: The first prize for an arrangement of roses for a dinner-table decoration went to this attractive exhibit, submitted by Mrs. H. G. Clacy, of Reigate.



A BOX OF SIX SPECIMEN BLOOMS: This exhibit won first prize for a box of six specimen blooms shown by an amateur. The blooms are (from rear, left to right) "McGredy's Ivory" and "Opera"; "Red Ensign" and "President Hoover"; and "Barbara Richards" and "Showgirl."

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

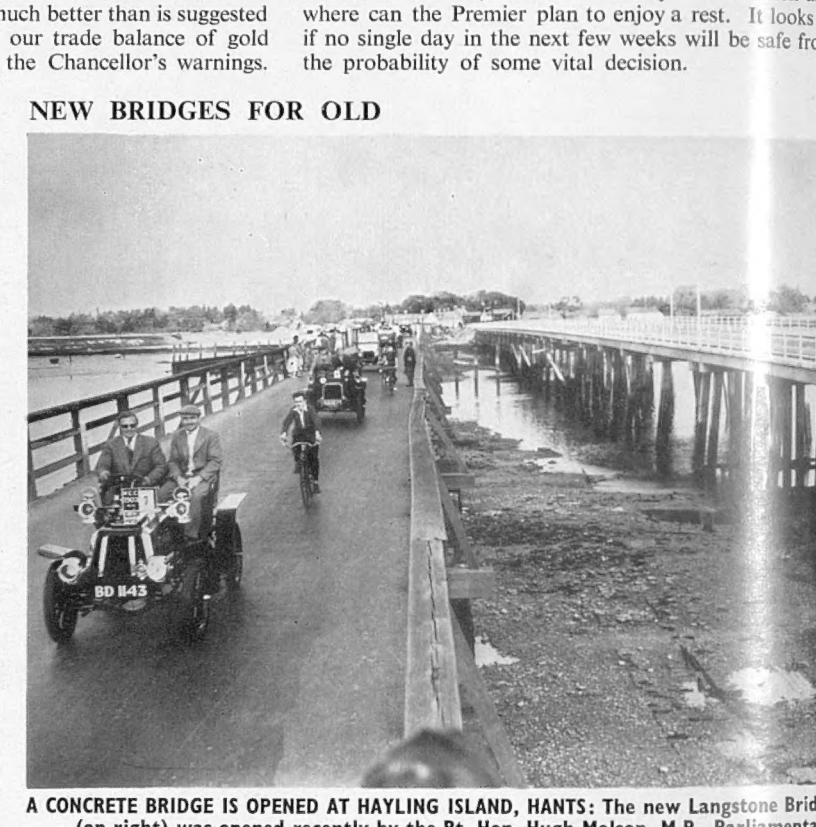
Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16·50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

South with Pessimism.—I turn south again to resume my chores under rather more favourable conditions, but without that sense of renewed hope, zest and optimism which holidays and change of scene are supposed to give us. The weather and the devastation it has brought in the north are partly to blame, no doubt. But the problems which face us at home and abroad are the root cause. This time the holidaymakers' easy philosophy, *solvitur ambulando*, nowhere seems to fit the bill. The problems appear to be too insoluble for the worst to turn, of a sudden, to the best, and there is nothing you and I can do about them. The Suez problem seems to me one which, save a miracle, can only be settled by further protracted negotiations which may last for many months. Cyprus is not noticeably nearer solution. And if one looks no farther than one's own backyard, the economic crises which lie ahead seem too big to be overcome, if only for the reason that those most deeply involved, after years of warning, fail totally to appreciate them. The voice of the T.U.C., lately heard at Brighton, filled me with pessimism, although I was assured that some of their resolutions revealed unexpected moderation and responsibility. Very few of them, it seemed to me, came down to brass tacks. Perhaps you and I are too pessimistic, or ignorant of the truth about economic conditions to-day. Perhaps things are much better than is suggested by the monthly statistics of our trade balance of gold and dollar reserves and by the Chancellor's warnings. Perhaps these pundits are merely making our flesh creep in order to put us still more richly in the clover. But I am not comforted. In my ignorance and pessimism, I see our economic plight as fearful and instant. I see this nation struggling, with often worn-out tools (and catchwords), in the toils of the fiercest trade competition, battling with opponents ready to work much harder and longer than we, and to bear with a lower standard of living in order to wrest from us those markets we still command, and I see those markets one by one being taken from us. If that be anywhere near a true picture of our economic state to-day, I justify my pessimism when I recall the voices from Brighton, which gave little hope of preventing strikes, clamoured for forty-hour weeks, rejected wage restraint and pegged their policies on an infallible remedy by "controlled planning" which will be produced out of a conjurer's hat when Labour rules again.

NEW BRIDGES FOR OLD



A CONCRETE BRIDGE IS OPENED AT HAYLING ISLAND, HANTS: The new Langstone Bridge (on right) was opened recently by the Rt. Hon. Hugh Molson, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. It connects Hayling Island with the mainland of Hampshire. On the left, veteran cars taking part in the opening ceremony drive across the old wooden bridge. The car in the foreground is a Regal of 1903. Another 1903 car follows it. The new bridge, built of pre-stressed concrete, has two footpaths as well as a carriageway. It is 320 yards long and 34 ft. wide, and cost about £300,000.

When Labour Rules.—It may well be that Labour will rule again at the end of the present Government's life, but that life has three years still to run and in those three years much may happen while Britain dozes and dreams in its camp, and its opponents work and fight. For three years at least, I should judge, it is the duty of the T.U. chiefs to direct the unions and of the unions to control their members. For these threatened markets, after all, are their livelihood, and if they are lost, the whole Labour force is lost and all the elaborate machinery of trade unionism becomes a museum piece rusting in an empty warehouse. The unions are right to concern themselves with the welfare and the jobs of their millions of members on the threshold of automation and under threat of trade recessions. But first things first. And the first need is to ensure that the jobs will be there, not to-morrow or next year, but perhaps five years hence. It does not follow as certain or even probable that, even if Labour is given the chance in office to produce its nostrum of a planned economy with controls, that nostrum will have completed, five years hence, the work of curing our diseases. Far from it. It is a very inappropriate moment to intensify class-warfare and further to divide the nation into opposing and bitter camps. If ever there was a time when this nation should forget its petty and party aims and pull together to fight with its back to the wall, it is now.

Premier's Holiday.—The "workers" manage to secure their holidays with pay. You and I take a week or two off duty. A modern Premier can reasonably be classed as a "worker" and usually carries on his back a load of responsibility considerably heavier than you and I and the average worker. But what are the chances of a Premier's summer holiday? Suez put paid to Sir Anthony's three weeks in Malta. Since then he has been busier and, I suppose, more worried than during any week of the last session. While Nasser was nibbling, he snatched a few days in Wiltshire, and a dash for one night to Balmoral was no rest cure. Then Parliament was recalled and he was faced with the preparation of his speech in defence of his Suez policy and his part in the debate. And at home matters of gravest importance in industry must have added to his load of worries. It is, of course, some time before the new session begins, but it is difficult, as things move at present, to earmark a single fortnight between now and the normal resumption of Parliamentary business during which the Premier could afford to slip away and forget his cares. The talks with Nasser have broken down; a recourse to U.N., which America favours and our Government rather reluctantly accepts, will be more likely to add to his anxieties. This recourse will certainly follow failure of his new plan, and precede any final consideration of a resort to force. Sir Anthony once broke down in health from sheer overwork. To-day he is said to be a fit man. But how much non-stop anxiety, labour and responsibility can the fittest men endure, without a holiday? And when and where can the Premier plan to enjoy a rest. It looks as if no single day in the next few weeks will be safe from the probability of some vital decision.

When the Cat's Away.—You can wrap it up with theories and excuses and justifications but the truth will stand stark and undisguisable; whether it be among nations or at a private school, in Soho or in a granary, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." Remove the ultimate sanction of force and put nothing in its place, and be sure that the timidest mouse will take its fill. It is now an established fact that, as the moment draws nearer for the possible use of force as a last resort, a vast majority of the human race rejects the terrible sanction. In one sense there is comfort to be drawn from that fact as evidenced in the Suez crisis. Many who, in the first shock and anger over Nasser's lawless coup, were prepared to back the sternest measures to meet the challenge began to turn their coats when the issue dragged on to almost certain *impasse*. Among the turncoats were nations and individuals, Government supporters, Opposition and trade union leaders, and the old cry of "warmonger" was raised against Britain, France and Sir Anthony in particular. It led our Premier to consult with his French supporters and to take the wind out of the sails of their critics at home and abroad by categorically denying a charge of sabre-rattling at any time and by firmly rejecting the use of force unless and until Nasser should commit a mad-dog action. It should have been unnecessary for him to do so, as it was for a former British Premier. The military measures he set on foot with general approval a month ago were accepted as horribly expensive but very necessary precautions to safeguard our nationals and vital interests in the danger area. It is just for the reason

hat the use of force as a deterrent to achieve a political im has become nothing but an empty word, while no lternative arbitrament can be said to exist or at least to ork, that unity in this nation and in the nations opposed o Nasser's coup is so vital. Gunboat diplomacy was nce very effective. An effective U.N. would be far etter. We possess neither of these instruments for ettling disputes to-day and that is why unity among ations and within nations which seek to uphold world rder and the rule of law is the one substitute on which w and order can rely in a world in which the mice re bolder than ever before.

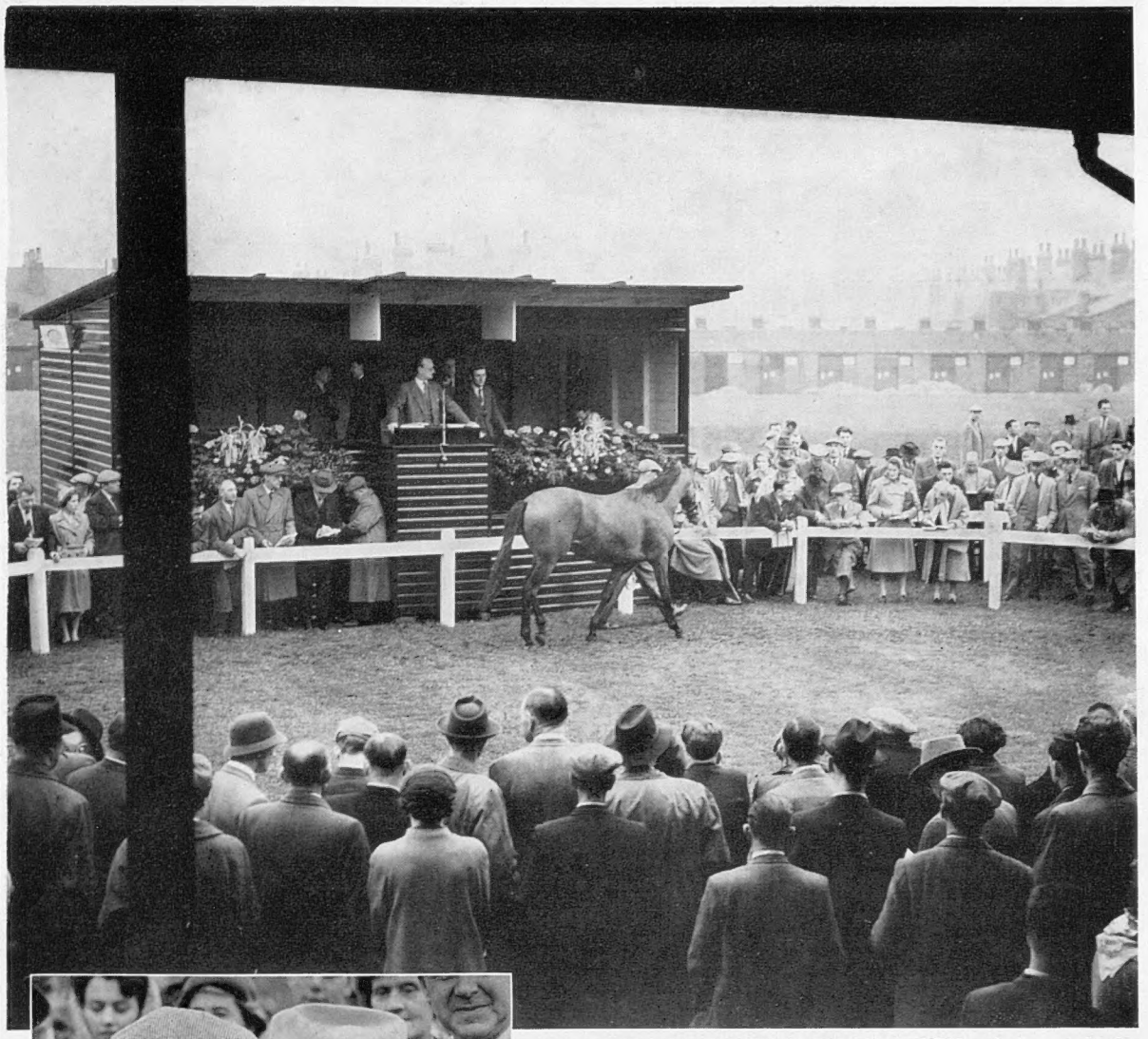
The Opposition in the Debate.—In the Suez debate the principle that it is an Opposition's uty to oppose seemed unhappily established. It was moment for the nation's voice in Parliament to assert he broad unity of Britain in an hour of crisis. Qualified isapproval of the new Eden plan was to be expected, for the implications of the new "Conservancy Board" will take time to assess. But Gaitskell's destructive eremiad and prophecies of disaster struck me as ndefensible, quite apart from the fact that they revealed him as a man who had entirely forgotten what he had aid three weeks ago and as a man who, swayed by Party winds, was quite prepared in the party game to urn himself into a wordy weathercock. No doubt, it is ot the first time he has made this sacrifice of his own eputation and character to discharge what he conceives o be the duty of the leader of H.M.'s Opposition, and, no doubt, he and his followers spoke to carefully conerted briefs. But this time, in a debate of the utmost gravity, I for one saw H.M.'s Opposition in a peculiarly ile and petty role which made our respected two-party Parliamentary system a danger to, rather than a safegard of, our "liberties" and our national survival. It left the impression that still further to divide this country into two bitterly opposed camps might be as good for Gaitskell and Co. as for Nasser and Co.

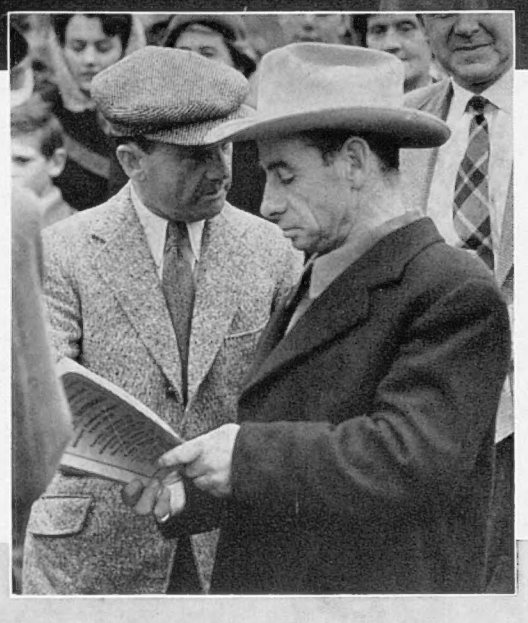
Lords and First Lords.—In a world for ever changing, we are always comforted by a few immutable customs in public life. Such, for example, are the programme of fixtures for a Royal visit to our Court or the exchange of letters between the Premier and a resigning Minister. Why precisely the fixtures of a Royal visit are cast iron and immutable, I do not know. There is room for variety. But I clearly see the point of the retiring Minister's exchange of letters with the Premier. It is an encouraging example of good manners in a world bedevilled by barbarous rudeness. For whether the outgoing Minister "resigns" by request or by his own desire, the exchange gives a pleasant air of confidence unity and friendliness in the Cabinet and a hint of good work done and acknowledged. "My dear Prime Minister" expresses his sincere appreciation of dear Jim's selfless service and his regret at the loss of a trusted colleague. It is very right. Lord Cilcennin no doubt had his critics during his years at the Admiralty and some of them were bitterly outspoken. His successor, Lord Hailsham, has been at times an outspoken critic of Governments and, as time goes on, may, I suppose, find himself batting instead of bowling on a stick wicket. But he is young, as Test players go, and has a lot of varied strokes in his repertoire and should be well equipped to deal with the county bowlers in the Upper House. He may also be a useful partner for Lord Salisbury, if and when the latter finds time to proceed with a plan for reforming the Upper House with life peerages, with or without Opposition co-operation. For hereditary peerages—even if they do not *always* cut short the political careers of hapless heirs—are Lord Hailsham's bugbear-in-chief.

"History To-day."—During my (busman's) holiday I have been reading with pleasure and profit some monthly numbers of *History To-day*, edited by Peter Quennell and Alan Hodge. This certainly is one of those periodical publications which should be read to correct a sweeping judgment on the triviality of the British character which is based largely on the evidence of the sensational Press. It is written for people who acknowledge the importance of using and improving their minds and are prepared to do so in the hard way by digging and sifting the soil. In an article on the irrelevance of European history an Indian writer is quoted as saying that in the last few decades in England and perhaps in Europe there has been clear evidence of a decline in historical knowledge, with a pronounced recoil from the historical attitude. By that he meant that European man was throwing overboard one vital attribute which distinguishes man from the lower animals, memory or consciousness of *duration*. To-day in our "bondage to the present" and the political present, we Europeans have sacrificed not only the culture but the acquired wisdom of our nineteenth-century forbears, and the writer asked himself if we are now witnessing a whole society's "senile decay of memory." Reading *History To-day*, one is not only confirmed in belief in the importance of history as a guide in modern problems, but is also comforted with the proof that this nation is not yet so far obsessed by the present as to have sacrificed a chief claim to be higher and better than the beasts.

THE OLD STAGER

THE DONCASTER YEARLING SALES

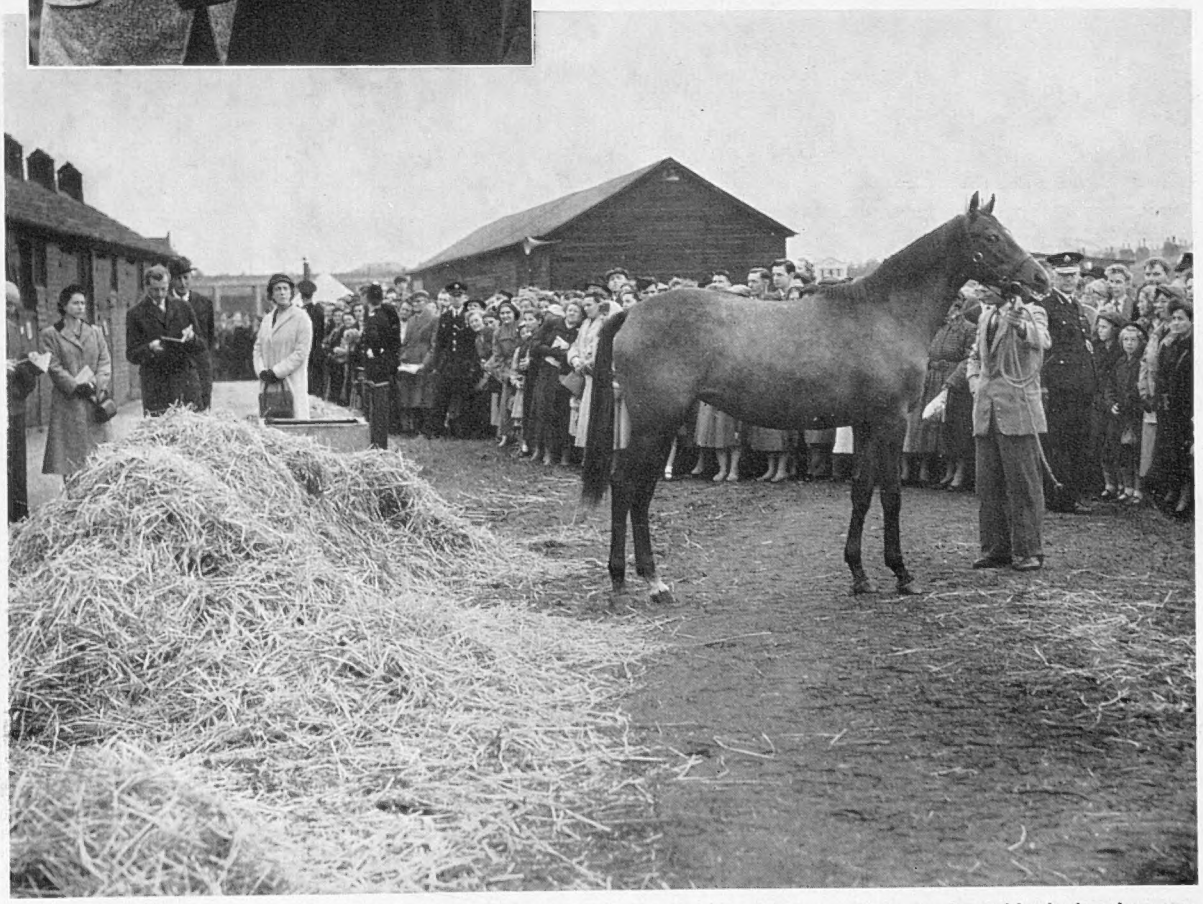




A YEARLING IS SHOWN IN THE SALE RING: A bay colt by Amour Drake out of Chart Room parades before potential buyers during the Doncaster Yearling Sales. On the first day, sales totalled 105,185 guineas for 76 lots, in spite of the pessimistic forebodings of the breeders, whose expenses are rising much more quickly than returns. On the second day, sales came to 119,995 guineas for 82 lots. The highest price paid on the first day was 10,000 guineas for a colt by Pinza out of Fair Emma, bought by Mr. J. Hamer, of Bolton. A surprise was caused when seven yearlings from the National Stud were withdrawn because of the death of one of them, a filly by Big Game out of Camassia. The Secretary of the Stud described the withdrawal as "a precautionary measure." The yearling died suddenly, and an autopsy was performed.

On left—

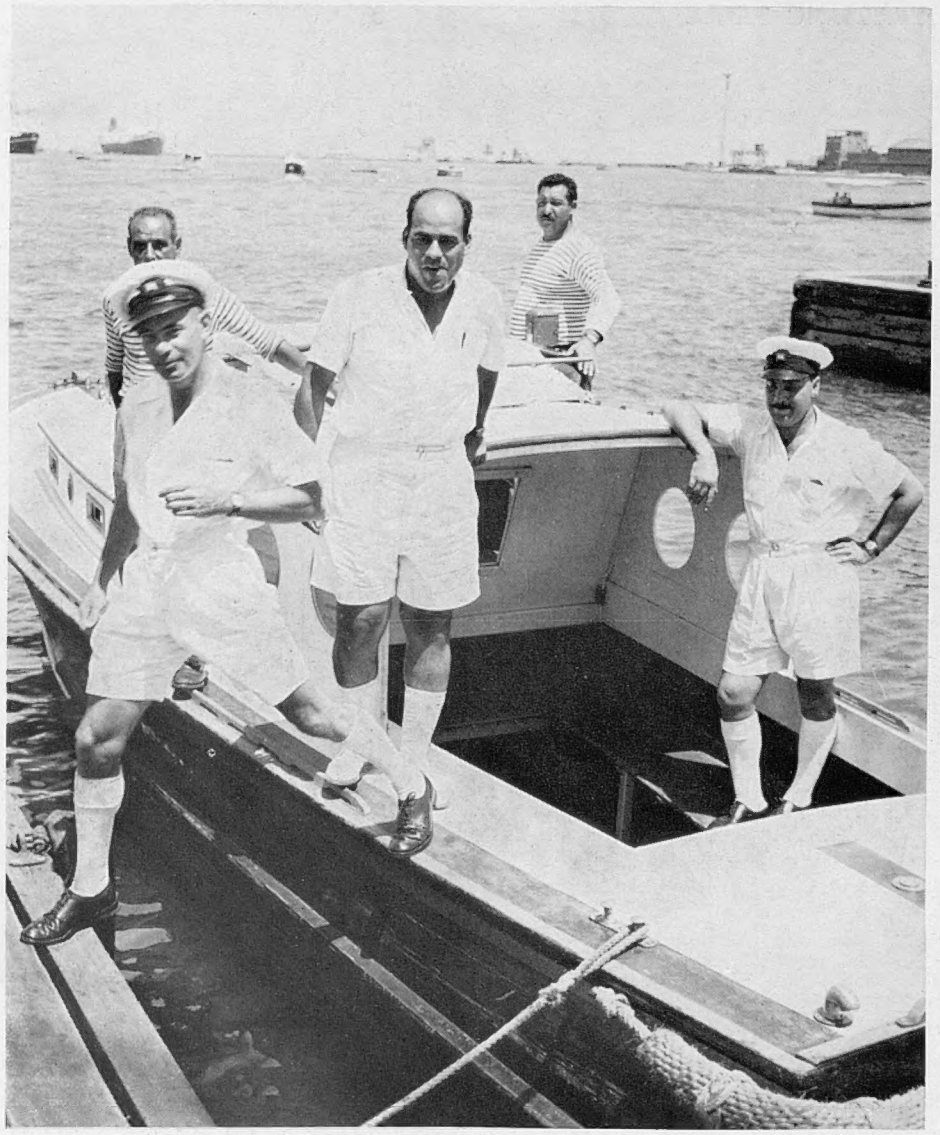
TWO FAMOUS JOCKEYS AT THE SALE: Sir Gordon Richards (left) chats with the champion American jockey, Johnny Longden, while the latter studies the sales catalogue. Longden recently broke Sir Gordon's record number of over 4,800 winners ridden. Later, the two jockeys exchanged hats.



THE QUEEN AT DONCASTER: Her Majesty (on extreme left) inspects one of the yearlings to be sold, during her two hours' visit to the Sales. On the Queen's left is the Earl of Scarbrough, and behind him is Captain Charles Moore, the Queen's Racing Manager. Later, Her Majesty toured the stables, where yearlings awaiting sale were kept.

THE PILOTS DEPART

The Non-Egyptian Canal Pilots and their Families Leave Suez



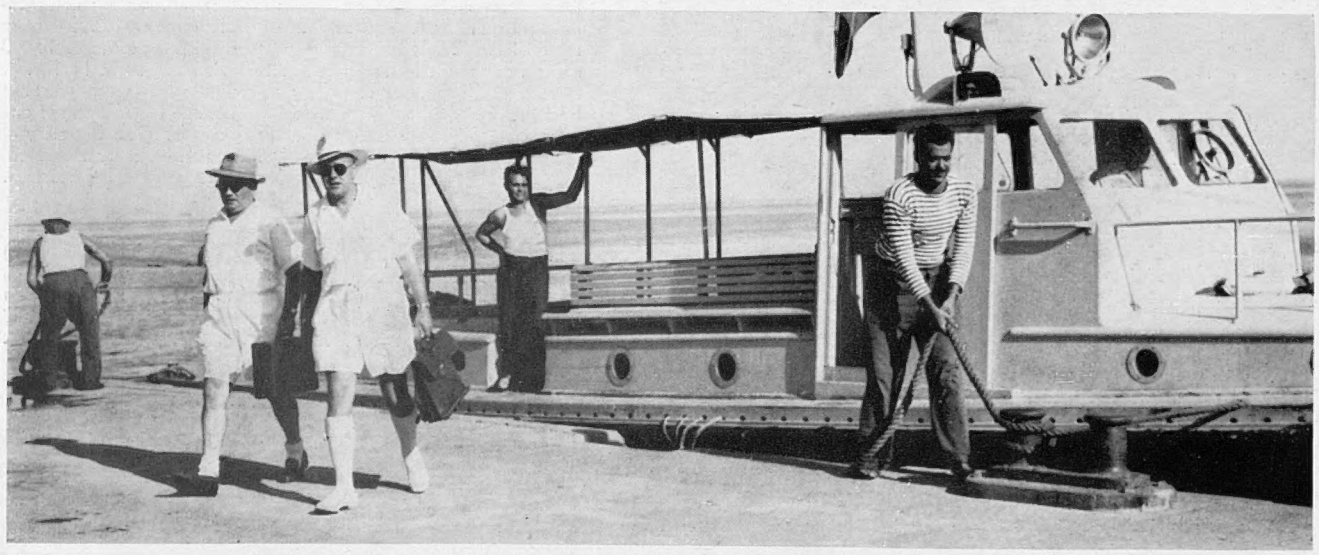
A BRITISH PILOT COMES ASHORE: Mr. Alan Harrison, one of the British pilots working on the Canal, comes ashore at Port Said. Behind him, on right, an Egyptian pilot remains on board. About 90 per cent. of all British employees left the Canal Zone last week-end.

LEAVING THE CANAL COMPANY'S HEADQUARTERS: Escorted by Egyptian colleagues, two British pilots (on left, in background) leave the headquarters of the Company to return to England.

The departure of the non-Egyptian pilots on the Canal and their families took place without any hindrance on the part of the Egyptian authorities. All of them received their exit visas without any difficulties, although all were refused re-entry permits, possibly in order to speed up the issue of the visas. They were given, however, an assurance by officials that they could, if they wished, apply for re-entry permits at any Egyptian Consulate abroad in the ordinary way.

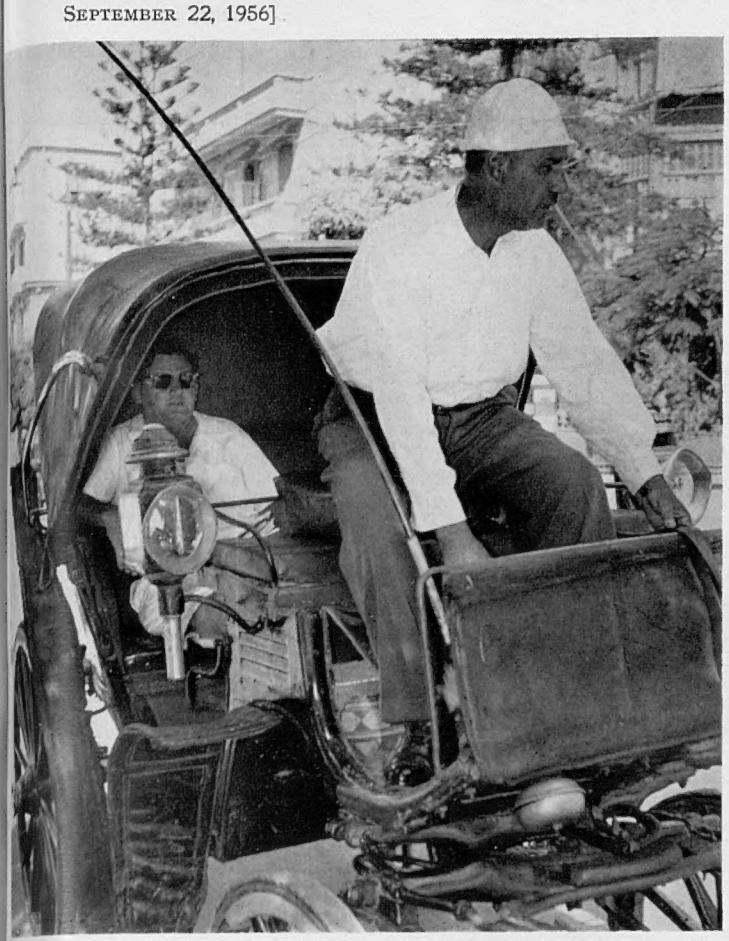
On left—

THEIR TASK COMPLETED: Two European pilots leave the motor tender which has brought them ashore after taking their last vessel through the Canal. Fifteen Russian pilots arrived in Egypt during last week-end.



SIGNING THEIR RESIGNATIONS: A French official in the Canal Company, Claude Bourdon (on right), indicates the place for the signature on the resignation form to Oscar Loza, a Spanish pilot employed by the Company. On the left are other European pilots.

LEAVING THEIR CAREER: An Italian pilot, Eduardo Esposito, signs his resignation in the residence of a Company official at Port Said. Behind him is a Cypriot pilot, Paul Georgiadis, who waits his turn to add his own name to the already long list.

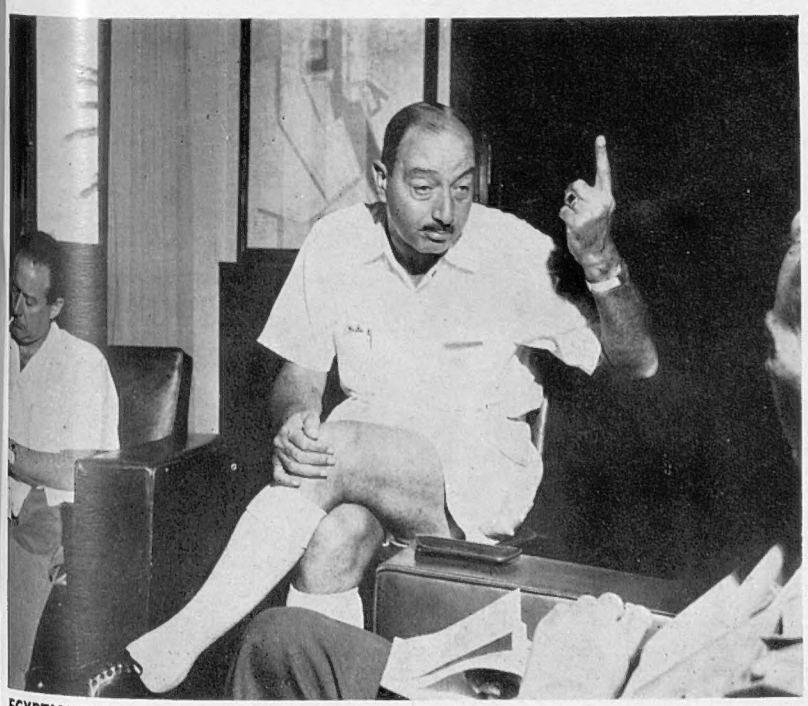


HIS LAST RIDE IN SUEZ: A British pilot, one of those who left the Canal Zone at the week-end, takes his last trip in a horse-drawn buggy around Port Said before his departure with other non-Egyptian personnel of the Company.

A BRITISH PILOT'S FINAL TASK: Mr. James Farrell goes aboard the 11,000-ton United States freighter, *President Grant*, before taking her through the Canal. It was the last ship he boarded as pilot before tendering his resignation, after being with the Canal Company for nine years.

THE FINAL ARRANGEMENTS: Egyptian officials of the Passport Department check the documents of the non-Egyptian personnel who were leaving the country. No hindrance or obstacle was offered, although the men were refused re-entry permits.

A RECRUIT FOR THE NATIONALISED COMPANY: A German pilot from Frankfurt, Paul Muller, stands in front of a pilot boat as he watches a vessel enter the Canal. The Federal Republic has asked Egypt to refrain from recruiting any more German pilots.



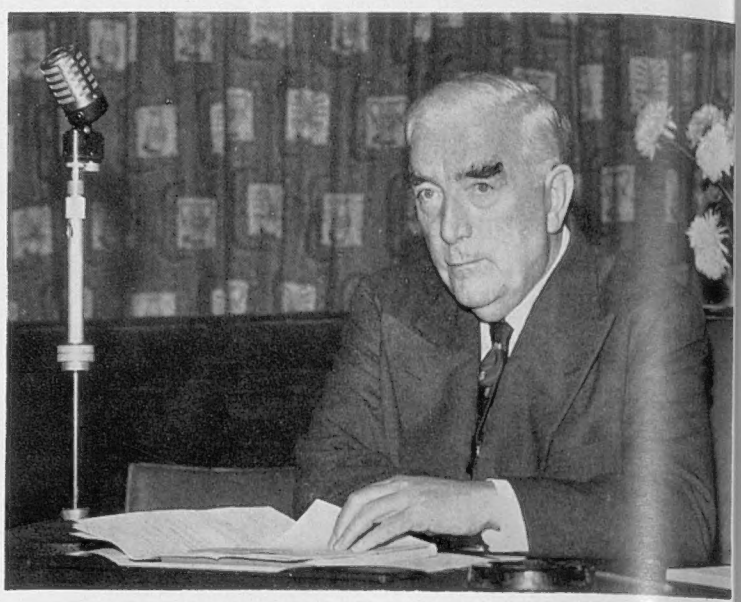
EGYPTIAN SUGGESTIONS: The senior Egyptian pilot, Abdel Rahman Bakri, has suggested that one-way convoys should be substituted for the present two-way system in order to cut the passage from fourteen to eleven hours and ease the strain.

A PROBLEM FOR THE EGYPTIANS: Colonel Younis (bending over desk) checks over the new schedule for the Canal with other Egyptian officials after the departure of the non-Egyptian personnel. The departure of the pilots has caused a heavy diminution in the traffic.

SUEZ SPOTLIGHT

Some of the Personalities who have Parts to Play in the Crisis

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER IN LONDON: M. Guy Mollet (on left), accompanied by his Foreign Minister, M. Christian Pineau, gives a Press conference at London Airport after his arrival from Paris for talks with Sir Anthony Eden. The Anglo-French discussions resulted in complete agreement between the Governments of the two countries on the steps to be taken following Colonel Nasser's rejection of the proposals offered by Mr. Menzies' Committee in Cairo.



MR. MENZIES HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE: The Prime Minister of Australia speaks to representatives of the Press in Australia House after his arrival back in London from Cairo. He was commenting on the failure of his five-man committee to persuade the Egyptian President to accept the majority proposal of the London Conference. Mr. Menzies later left London by air to return to Australia.

IN CHEERFUL MOOD: Sir Anthony Eden leaves No. 10, Downing Street for the Commons. In the course of a long speech he revealed that the Government intended to set up a "Users' Association" on the Canal.

On left—
THE CHANCELLOR ARRIVES FOR THE SUEZ DEBATE: Mr. Harold Macmillan arrives by car at the House when Parliament reassembled for the debate on the Suez Canal crisis. The outcome of the debate was a majority for the Government in the division on the official Opposition motion of censure.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY CALLS AT NUMBER 10: Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd arrives to see Sir Anthony before Parliament re-assembled.

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE: Mr. R. A. Butler, Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House, enters the Prime Minister's residence in a gay mood.

ANXIOUS CROWDS OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT : Many people waited outside Parliament to watch the arrival of Members attending the Suez debate. Similar crowds have been lining the pavements of Downing Street since the crisis began. A large queue of people waited at Westminster, before the debate began, to lobby their M.P.s or present petitions before they entered the Chamber.

On left—

AFTER A MEETING OF THE CABINET : The Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson (on the left), and the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, leave No. 10 Downing Street after the Cabinet meeting which was called by Sir Anthony before Parliament reassembled.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE IN DOWNING STREET : Captain Peter Thorneycroft on the steps of the Prime Minister's residence after the Cabinet meeting.

A BUSY MAN : Sir Walter Monckton, the Minister of Defence, on whom the burden of the recent defensive preparations has fallen, smiles as he enters Number 10.

GIRDED FOR THE FRAY : The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, leaves his London home on his way to the House of Commons to attend the debate.

PARADE ON THE GRAND CANAL: With a pensive sea-god sitting at the prow, a large *bissona* leads the procession of gondolas along the canal before the start of the annual race between the city's boatmen. Dressed in colourful costumes with their boats beflagged and painted, the attendant gondoliers make a very spectacular picture.

CARNIVAL IN VENICE

The Annual Gondola Regatta Takes Place on the Grand Canal

It was in the thirteenth century that the historical regatta was started among the boatmen of Venice by one of the ruling Doges. According to tradition, the idea came to him after he had watched a procession of decorated gondolas stream across the wide bay in honour of the Feast of the Assumption. He decreed that from thenceforth a special feast day should be set aside each year in honour of the gondoliers, and that the prizes at the close of the regatta should be presented by the "fairest lady present." To-day the race is run over the well-known Grand Canal, which follows a winding course in the shape of an inverted S for two and a half miles through the centre of the beautiful city. The canal passes some of the finest of the marble palaces, which vary in style from Gothic to Lombardesque. Some of them are 600 years old and the majority date from the fourteenth to eighteenth centuries. Annually the "Pearl of the Adriatic" puts on its old finery on the day of the carnival and remembers its former greatness as the leading seaport in the world. Apart from the regatta on the Grand Canal, other colourful processions parade through the squares and piazzas; the men dressed in the scarlet hose and slashed jerkins of past centuries.

CLOSING A DYKE IN THE ZUIDER ZEE: A mechanical shovel moving on a pontoon empties soil from a barge to close the two halves of the long dyke of the East Flevoland Polder. The 56-mile-long dyke encloses some 133,000 acres of flooded land from which the sea will eventually be pushed back. Once the dyke was closed, three pumping stations began to empty the gigantic basin created behind the temporary protecting walls. Operations started on this particular project as long ago as June 1950, but even now they are still far from being finished. The pumping stations in the Polder were ceremoniously started by Queen Juliana when she turned a switch in the central control room. By the time that this, and other Polders under construction, are completed, the arable land of Holland will have increased by almost 10 per cent. The new Polder is the third to be reclaimed from the Zuider Zee.

RECLAIMING HOLLAND

The Netherlands Reclaims more Flooded Land from the Zuider Zee

QUEEN JULIANA AT THE OPENING CEREMONY: The Queen of the Netherlands meets some of the men who have been working on the dyke. In the course of a ceremony in the central control station she later started the electric pumps for draining the basin. *On left*—Floating cranes unload soil and ballast from barges in the final stages of the closing of the dyke walls.

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PASSING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL: The S.S. *Kenuta* passes Contractor's Hill as she heads south through the canal. This second vital artificial waterway was first opened to shipping on August 15, 1914. By a treaty ratified on February 26, 1904, the United States acquired from the new Republic of Panama a ten-mile strip of territory, five miles on each side of the proposed route of the canal. It was also given the right to construct the canal and to maintain it in perpetuity. At the same time it took over the rights and property of the old de Lesseps company which had gone bankrupt.

THE OTHER CANAL

The Waterway Through the Isthmus of Panama Rivals Suez in its Importance to International Trade

With the dispute over the Suez Canal causing concern throughout the world's maritime nations, it is natural that attention should be turned to the other great artificial waterway—the Panama Canal. The idea of a canal through this narrow isthmus of land was born many centuries before it ever came to fruition. In 1523 Charles V of Spain directed Hernando de la Soma to explore the isthmus. Plans were actually drawn up and submitted for approval in 1529. From that time until the final completion of the canal by the United States in 1913 there was a continual succession of schemes and projects for the construction of the waterway. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 was followed by a French attempt to construct another at Panama. The work was under the direction of the man who had been so successful at Suez—Ferdinand de Lesseps. Nothing but misfortune surrounded the attempt and it eventually failed. Following the treaty it made with the Republic of Panama in 1904, the United States took over the rights and property of the New Panama Company which had been caretaking since the bankruptcy of the French company. Ten years later the canal was completed and open to vessels.

THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS: This vast system of locks drops the vessels coming through the Gaillard Cut some 30 ft. into the little Miraflores Lake. In the background the narrow channel of the Cut can be seen winding away into the distance. The construction of the canal was completed in 1913 at a cost of £73,330,000 and it was informally opened in the following year by the passage of the 9,000-ton *Ancon*. It was not formally opened, however, until a proclamation on July 12, 1920, by the President of the United States. To-day the forty-two-mile passage through the canal takes from 7 to 8 hours, but it has been completed in the record time of 4 hours 10 minutes.

THE NARROWEST SECTION OF THE GAILLARD CUT: The channel at this point is 300 ft. wide, with a depth of 40 ft. For eight miles the Gaillard Cut carries the channel through the Culebra Mountains as far as the Pedro Miguel locks. Constant dredging is necessary in this narrow section which forms a link between the valley of the Chagres River, on the Atlantic side of the isthmus, and that of the Rio Grande, on the Pacific slope. A fleet of dredgers is always at work.

THE CONTROL BUILDING OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS: The white building in the centre background houses the control system which governs the working of the intricate locks linking the Gaillard Cut with the Miraflores Lake.

THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS: At the other end of the Miraflores Lake from the Pedro Miguel locks, another system drops the vessels from the level of the lake to the salt-water stretch which eventually reaches the Pacific after a further eight miles. In all, there are three sets of locks on the canal, the gigantic three-stepped set at Gatun which lifts ships into the Gaillard Cut and takes up and down traffic at the same time, the Pedro Miguel locks and the system on the Lake.

TWO IMPOSTORS

Some Guidance to those who Give Away the Prizes at the End of the School Term and Address the Children; with Some Thoughts on Success

By JOHN GORE

A STRONG reaction set in at the end of last summer against the time-honoured custom of V.I.P.s, selected to give away the school prizes, debunking the importance of academic success. The reactionaries argued that this technique is bad for the children and hard on their teachers. After all, that copy of *Lorna Doone* or the *Golden Treasury* was chosen with care and represents the devotion to duty of one boy or girl and of one or more of the teachers, and it should not be dismissed as a bagatelle. There is something in the argument; and more in it when it is realised that almost always the debunking is based on the personal vanity and self-boosting of the speaker. Baldly or obliquely, he is trying to impress the children with his own importance. "I was a lazy boy at school, never won a prize in my life; school didn't teach me anything—and *look at me*; only look at me and read what the columnists say of me every week. I taught myself, and here I am the hell of a fellah, a V.I.P. greatly in demand for prize-givings."

Of course, he sees himself much bigger than the world sees him and probably does not realise that five years after his death his name will mean nothing whatever to any but his family. Indeed, the average holder of a minor Cabinet portfolio is probably to-day assured of shorter fame to posterity than is the bus-conductor who kicked the winning goal in a famous football match between rival country towns. But whether he possesses a slight claim to eminence for the duration of his life or none at all, his debunking of academic success is discouraging to the school authorities and to aspiring pupils, encourages the lazy boys to be lazy and is deserving of censure.

It is sometimes my fate or privilege to assume this function of prize-giving in a modest way, and I am glad to say I always recognised the weakness of this particular technique. Possibly a certain diffidence about my own claim to be any sort of a V.I.P. (I won't call it modesty) saved me from the pitfall of a *manqué's* self-boost. And, truth to tell, I *did* carry away a few prizes in my school-days. Anyway, from modesty or love of truth or from tact, I have always rejected this technique and have usually made the subject of my address to the school an anatomy of Success, a dissection at which the poets have for centuries tried their hands.

A SCENE OF MANY PRIZEGIVINGS TO COME: The Headmaster greets the children in the assembly hall on their first day at the new Eltham Green School, Woolwich. This is one of the London County Council's latest comprehensive secondary schools, and has room for 2,000 boys and girls.

Quoting the Poets and Sages.—I remind them, of course, first of all of Kipling's "two impostors," triumph and disaster or success and failure. I am not as fond of Kipling's "If" as most schoolmasters are, but a reference to it is expected and popular. So I quote "If you can meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two impostors both the same." It won't, of course, do to leave it there, for the quotation clearly debunks academic success and encourages the lazy boys to go on slacking. So, next, I fall back on a very favourite sentence or quotation of Bishop Gore in the pulpit. "There is no failure except in ceasing to try." That is comfort for the boys or girls who won no prizes this half and a stimulus to them to try harder. The "dons on the dais serene" nod their heads in agreement, if the children receive my words without marked enthusiasm. I back this argument with those tremendous lines in Addison's *Cato* (which sound "so like Shakespeare"):

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius, we 'll deserve it.

This goes down well with all. I enjoy the sound of my own voice, mouthing great lines. The teachers nod approval again, the prize-winners are tickled at the thought that, though mortal, they *have* commanded success, and the unsuccessful pat themselves on the back for having gone one better than the prize-winners.

At this point I look at my watch, study my audience (the front row of juniors is distinctly nodding, and not with approval but with drowsiness) and wonder whether it were wise to end on that high note and risk no bathos in a tailpiece. But by this time I have caught the fatal infection which attacks most after-dinner speakers. I am exuberated with my own verbosity and feel it only right not to deny my audience the dessert, the nuts and the wine. And so, haltingly, since I must now use my own words and not borrowed words, I tell the children that success is an impostor only if wrongly used and judged, and that failure or disaster proves an impostor, if tackled and overcome.

A mild and polite clapping greets my efforts as I sit down and the vote of thanks is as brief as the children hope it will be. When I drive home after a cup of tea, I sometimes ask myself what I really think about these two impostors. I know very little about the first and have been luckily spared very intimate acquaintance with the second, but all my life I have studied success at second hand and have thought quite a lot about V.I.P.s and the lions of the columnists, and in general about modern standards of individual merit and importance.

Afterthoughts on Success.—Undoubtedly there exists to-day a considerable muddle as to the definition of success in life. Is it to be achieved and acknowledged only after a life of good service to humanity or a section of the public, or can it be won (and receive recognition) by a lone-hand operator out for himself alone? We should like to think that altruism is an essential condition of recognition, but every day of our lives we obtain proof that such a condition is not everywhere accepted. We take comfort when we read that the inventor of a life-saving drug has been accoladed by his sovereign. We receive a setback when we recall how many more who have grown rich on exploiting public weaknesses and base desires adorn the Upper House. Up to the end of the last century, rewards for success were comparatively few and many of such Honours and rewards as existed were patently bestowed on the basis of privilege and not of merit (the Garter, for example), or bestowed as conventional prizes on attainment of certain routine rungs up the ladder in the Civil and fighting Services. With Carlyle and Florence Nightingale, for example, the notion of such recognition on merit came as an afterthought. It was much easier in those days to judge success on merit and not on ribbons and stars and titles. A "plain Mister" in those days stood a fair chance of being recognised as eminent. But with the Edwardian age, democracy began to find its voice, and rewards and honours multiplied; to such an extent that the Fountain of Honour—compelled by the promptings of Ministers, of departments and of Democracy to play over a very wide area—seems to have contributed to the muddle. The confusion as to what is and is not merit and what is the fit reward for this or that degree of merit is worse confounded.

There are a score of grades of (for example) Knighthood, from K.G. or G.C.B. to Knight Bachelor, but the man from Mars must be puzzled to realise that Sir Winston Churchill or a professional cricketer or jockey or a slick company promoter enjoys equal privilege to bestow a "my lady" on his wife. Bread and circuses may be the demands of a declining civilisation, and it is reasonable to reward those who provide the circuses not less than those who provide our bread. But the countless grades in the score of Orders which swell the average half-yearly Honours Lists make it even more difficult to discover how even Highest Authority recognises merit in any field, important or trivial. This actor is knighted; that one, not less eminent, receives a C.B.E. This profession is distinguished; that one, ignored.

The Fountain of Honour and its guardians are not miracle-makers and, faced with the situation of the 5000 and the five barley loaves, must twice every year send empty away as many worthies as those whose bellies they fill to satisfaction or with a snack. But trivial as is this subject in a serious theme, it has its importance in encouraging in a large proportion of the Press and the general public a false standard of values, in which publicity, the outward forms of prosperity and official recognition are taken as proof of success, and success is logically taken as proof of merit.

Success and its Effects on Character.—The poets and the sages whom I have quoted, and many more unquoted, are not, of course, concerned with this sort of success, but they are very much concerned with the effects of success on the individual who wins, or appears to have won, it. Success brings power in varying degree, and they tell us that power corrupts and that absolute power, which is absolute success, corrupts absolutely. The sages are concerned with human integrity, the poets are interested in human happiness, and all of them are suspicious of the effects of success on frail minds. And indeed one need not be a sage or a poet to share their anxiety. We have all from our schooldays observed the ill-effects of success on immature or vain minds, and applauded in a small minority of our acquaintances the strength of character which has resisted the corruption of success, the prefect who did not become pompous, the "blood" who refused to become bloody. And as we grew older, we observed that success still seemed often to succeed in changing for the worse the character of a majority, in inducing a certain pomposity to creep in, in an increase in ambition rather than in a calm satisfaction with the recognition success has so far brought them, in a tendency henceforth to mix more with their "peers" than with the humbler friends of their obscurer days. And (in our anxiety for their welfare) we have wondered whether these changes and urges which the ascent of the ladder, rung by rung, seems to bring have contributed to our old friends' happiness. Is it possible that our old chum who has achieved a barony will be divinely discontented until he has secured a viscountcy? Is old Stinker (who shared our study with old Blinkers) made miserable because old Blinkers got a baronetcy out of the lucky bag while he had to be content (if he could) with an accolade?

And sometimes we on the lower rungs (upon which living must be sweetened and compensated with a mild philosophy) ask ourselves, when we contemplate the careers of our more successful friends, whether the dreadful certainty that success and recognition of merit, except for a very few truly great men and women, is ephemeral, is a constant thorn in their pillows. Do they realise how brief is the flowering of successful mediocrity, how utterly forgotten will be their names and achievements before the grass is green on their graves? And if they do so realise that truth, do they sometimes doubt whether the struggle to keep their heads above the crowd in their lifetimes is worth all the worry and anxiety and sometimes indignity it calls for?

Happy or Glorious?—A niche in history is reserved for the very few, and the vast majority have no means of knowing whether the certainty of achieving it is a factor in happiness. We have only one life, on earth at any rate (as most of us believe). And there is little evidence from the good books that a future life elsewhere concerns itself with earthly triumphs continued into posterity. We are given to understand that the table of precedence in Heaven is drawn up on other conditions. So it follows that to secure the maximum of pure happiness in human life is mere common sense.

The Roman poets considered that the farmer and countryman had the best chance of achieving *integer vitae* and the innocent happiness it brings. Holy writ has backed the recipe "to labour with your hands the thing which is good," and certainly social history is good evidence of the power of craftsmanship to wring contentment and constant happiness out of *res angustae*. The craftsmen are fast vanishing with the ever-increasing tempo of industrial revolution, and with their passing, I make no doubt, the sum of human happiness declines.

On the whole, I conclude I have spoken sense to the schoolchildren from the dais. Success is a dangerous toy and usually an impostor. There is no comfort in winning it unless you have learned first to control it, and for most of us frail mortals it is time enough that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive—at any rate, it is more fun. The trouble about *arriving* is that so few of the successful recognise it as journey's end, or understand the technique of unpacking, settling down and cultivating the garden.

MILFORD HAVEN HARBOUR FROM THE AIR: In this picture of the harbour can be seen some of the present dock installations and part of a housing estate (in foreground). The British Petroleum Company propose to construct an oil terminal at Milford Haven capable of taking the largest tankers. *Below*—The site of the B.P. scheme is on Popton Point (in background), a sliver of land jutting out into the haven, across from the present harbour. The terminal will cost about £5,000,000 to complete.

A FUTURE FOR MILFORD HAVEN

The Proposed Development of the Harbour as a Tanker Terminal

A scheme to improve the dock installations at Milford Haven, and to expand them so that they could take 100,000-ton tankers, is soon to be put before the leading oil companies. The intention is to make the Pembrokeshire seaport the distributing centre for Europe's oil. The scheme itself is the work of a firm of industrial development consultants who have prepared it at the request of the Milford Haven development committee. A few days before the announcement of the scheme, the British Petroleum Company let it be known that they had plans to build a £5,000,000 tanker terminal at Popton Point, on the north shore opposite Milford Haven harbour. An official of the company said that the terminal would consist of a double berth for crude-oil tankers capable of taking any vessel likely to be in use. Oil from the terminal would be pumped through a new pipeline to the refinery at Llandarcy, near Swansea. At the moment this refinery receives its oil from the Queen's Docks at Swansea, where there are no installations for the large type of tanker. The project is still subject to approval. The general scheme for the development at Milford Haven is seen as complementary to the B.P. programme. The harbour is also one of those which Mr. Cantor, the American hotel owner, envisages as a possible ocean terminal for his cheap Atlantic passenger service.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE LONDON AIRPORT CENTRAL TERMINAL: This view from the top of the central Control Building, 122½ ft. high, shows (on left) the Queen's Building, runways which surround the central Terminal. At the moment these three buildings form the Terminal, but another is planned to replace temporary passenger accommodation the public can watch the coming and going of aircraft from its terraces and roof gardens, some of which are visible. The Passenger Handling Building can deal with

Below—

THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE AIRPORT: On the right is the Control Building, which overlooks the whole airport. From its various levels, all its air and ground activities are controlled, including the traffic on the six main runways which surround the central Terminal Area. The Passenger Handling Building is on the left. This picture was taken from the terrace of the Queen's Building.

When it is complete, the central Terminal Area at London Airport will be one of the finest and most impressive in the world. This, the administrative heart of the airport, has already cost a total of about £3,500,000 to construct. By 1960, the airport may have to handle twice the traffic which now passes through it. Three buildings of the four planned have been completed. These are the Control Building in the centre, the Passenger Handling Building on its south-east side, and the Queen's Building on its eastern side. Eventually, the four buildings will stand around the central Control Building. The building to be built will provide passenger facilities in addition to those already existing, and will allow temporary terminal buildings to be cleared away. Over 400,000 visitors have already passed through the Queen's Building, which is open to the public. Its great attractions are the roof gardens and terraces at various levels, which allow the public to watch the coming and going of aircraft on the surrounding runways. The ground floor is devoted to shops, offices, and a restaurant overlooking the passengers' concourse. The tall central Control Building commands and controls all air and ground traffic. In the Passenger Handling Building, 1,200 passengers an hour and their luggage are dealt with. Writing-rooms and Customs, health and immigration departments are located here.

...(on right) the Passenger Handling Building. In the background are some of the ...where on the airport. The Queen's Building has great attraction for visitors, for ...passengers an hour through its ten channels. Baggage travels on conveyer belts.

THE FASCINATION OF A GREAT AIRPORT

Travellers and Tourists Make London Airport One of the World's Busiest Traffic Centres

THE CENTRAL CONTROL TOWER OVERLOOKS THE QUEEN'S BUILDING: The roof gardens and terraces of the Queen's Building (in foreground) are very popular with visitors. From here over 400,000 people have watched the aircraft since the building was opened.

RESTORATION OF A DORSET HOUSE

Wolfeton House, near Dorchester, has Received Two Grants Towards Repairs

In 1954 the Minister of Works made a grant for the preservation of the Tudor Gatehouse of Wolfeton House, Charminster. Another grant was made earlier this year towards the cost of renovating the roof of the main building, and this work is now in progress. Wolfeton House belonged in the fourteenth century to the Jurdain family, from whom it came to the mother of Sir John Trenchard, a prominent Lancastrian whose estates in Dorset and Hampshire were restored to him by Henry VII. He was succeeded about the end of the fifteenth century by his son Thomas, who lived until 1550, having been twice Sheriff of the county. Sir Thomas was succeeded by his grandson, who was in turn succeeded by his son, Sir George Trenchard. It was he and Sir Thomas who did most of the period building and reconstruction work at Wolfeton. Although most of the south range survives, the north range was demolished early in the eighteenth century and the connection between the Gatehouse and the main building was taken away in 1822. Fifty years later the house was acquired by the Bankes' family of Corfe Castle. Inside Wolfeton are many features which even if not in their original positions have long associations with the house. Prominent among these are some Tudor panels which have been rearranged in Jacobean mantelpieces and doorcases.

WOLFETON HOUSE, CHARMINSTER, NEAR DORCHESTER, DORSET, UNDERGOES REPAIRS: Work is in progress on the renovation of the roof of the main building. A grant towards the repairs was made by the Ministry of Works on the recommendation of the Historic Buildings Council earlier this year. A previous grant in 1954 was for structural repairs to the Tudor Gatehouse at Wolfeton.

On left—

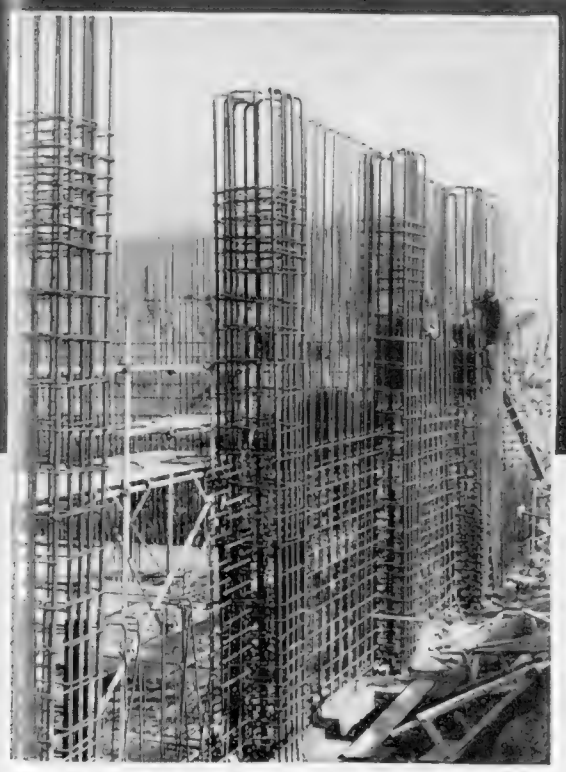
THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GATEHOUSE: On the right is one of the two cylindrical flanking towers with cross-loops and conical roofs of graduated stone tiles. Nothing at Wolfeton can with certainty be assigned to a date earlier than 1534, which is inscribed on a gable of the gatehouse.

On right—

TUDOR PANELS: They are incorporated in the massive seventeenth-century chimney-piece in a drawing-room.

INSIDE THE HOUSE: These views show the two sides of a seventeenth-century stone doorway with Tudor figures in carved oak. The house has now been converted into apartments and the present owner, the Countess Zamoyska, occupies the Gatehouse. In 1506 Archduke Philip and his wife Joanna sheltered at Wolfeton during a storm when they were on their way to claim the throne of Castile. They were the guests of Sir Thomas Trenchard, who built the Gatehouse.

THE OIL HARBOUR AT ADEN : Built for British Petroleum in 1954, it has three oil jetties which can berth four tankers of 32,000 tons. The breakwater which protects the harbour on the seaward side is 4,000 ft. long. In the construction of the harbour 6,000,000 cubic yards of sand were dredged from the approach channels and pumped ashore to reclaim 200 acres. Consulting engineers were Rendel, Palmer and Tritton, and the contractors George Wimpey and Co. Ltd. (*This and other pictures in this feature are from "The British Civil Engineering Contracting Industry ; Illustrated History" : the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors,* 3 *guineas.*)



FIXING STEEL ROD REINFORCEMENT: This section is being made ready for the concreting of heavy foundations. Concrete produced at a central plant will then be pumped into position. (*Reproduced from "Team Work, the History of John Laing and Son Ltd."*)

CIVILISATION—

THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS

This Second of Two Articles Deals with Some of the Vast Post-war Developments Undertaken by the Civil Engineer at Home and Abroad

By GODFREY HARRISON

THE world that emerged from the convulsion of 1939-45 was a new world. There was no going back to the *status quo*. True, there was immense destruction to be made good, and industry and transport had to be got going again on a peacetime basis : but this was only a beginning.

The demand for a higher standard of living all round was becoming more conscious and more articulate; and this not only among the industrial nations. Countries whose main function had hitherto been to provide raw materials for industry and markets for its surplus products now wanted to industrialise themselves, and to take a more equal part in the exchange of trade. The pressure for improved living and working conditions, more goods, more efficient transport, better education and health services meant, in every case, primarily a pressure for new construction.

Apart from this change of mentality there was an objective fact—increasing world population. Immense efforts were required to keep food production in step with the growing number of mouths, let alone to provide more for each. To some extent this was an old problem on which new emphasis was thrown by the statistical studies of such authorities as the Food and Agriculture Organisation. But it was, in fact, becoming more acute due to the very successes of civilisation—the work of doctors and civil engineers particularly—which, by limiting the effects of disease, flood and famine, had increased the average expectation of life.

At the same time the conflict of ideologies threw the question of standards of living into sharper relief. The Western Powers, the United States especially, found a strong motive for action in the thought that the only sure way to counter subversive propaganda among under-developed peoples was to help them achieve in substance the benefits that Communism could only promise. For the countries of South and South-East Asia—where both the pressure of population and the Communist menace were specially in evidence—a group of nations including America, Britain and some Commonwealth countries joined in a great development scheme, the Colombo Plan, and promised financial and technical help on a very large scale.

The Middle East countries planned to spend some of the new wealth accruing to them through oil royalties (supplemented by Point Four aid) on economic development. Persia's Seven-Year Plan was drawn up by British and American engineers in collaboration. It is a portentous document running to several printed volumes, with charts, tables and estimates—the outcome of years of patient research. Though the Plan is now in a state of suspension for reasons beyond the engineers' control, a number of important schemes for water supply, irrigation and electric power have been completed in the past few years, designed and supervised by British Consultants working in friendly co-operation with Persian contractors and labourers ; more are in preparation.

(*Continued on following pages*)

CIVILISATION—THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS

(*Continued from previous page*)

These are but instances of the problems and opportunities that faced engineers in the post-war world. They were, in a sense, the old problems, but on an enlarged scale, with wide economic and political implications, and often—as in the use of the waters of great rivers—inevitably extending beyond national boundaries. Fortunately the Consulting Engineer was by this time well practised in dealing with projects that took him outside the strict limits of engineering: he had evolved a technique for bringing together a wide variety of viewpoints, and combining data provided by experts in different fields.

The civil engineering industry was also, thanks partly to the stimulus of war, much better equipped than ever before with the means of actual construction—increased scientific knowledge, improved materials, larger and more powerful machines. For instance, research has made possible the production of concrete twice as strong as the best available fifteen years ago with no increase in the proportion of cement; and in the same period mechanisation has stepped up output per man in some operations by several hundred per cent.

It is not possible to give more than a rough sketch of the construction work completed in Britain since the war and now in hand. The illustrations, which have been chosen to represent most of the main categories, will tell the story better than words.

THE LARGEST STEEL-FRAMED HANGAR IN THE WORLD: The front elevation of the 1,050-ft.-wide Brabazon assembly hall at Filton, which was built for the Bristol Aeroplane Co. Ltd., for the assembly of the Brabazon Mark I. The door was made in six sections, and the building completed in 1949. The consulting engineers were Brian Colquhoun and Partners. Sir Alfred McAlpine and Sons Ltd. were the main civil engineering contractors

Power is a prime necessity of modern industry. The great steam generating stations of the Central Electricity Authority are now a characteristic feature of our landscape. The civil engineer's part in these is to provide foundations—massive to support the heavy "live" loads of humming turbines and generators, yet amazingly intricate, a network of passages and ducts for concealed pipes and cables—and superstructures; also arrangements for the enormous quantities of fuel and cooling water used every day, which include, in the case of inland stations, complex railway sidings and huge cooling towers, or, in riverside stations, jetties for colliers, equipped with coal-handling plant and usually combined with water intake and outlet works. Each of these presents the designer with peculiar technical problems, of which the best solution varies according to circumstances; and the cost of construction is so great that close limits of accuracy are essential.

The disposal of ash is another question which arises in connection with coal-burning stations. Recently, however, in view of the scarcity of coal and the increasing quantities of fuel oil produced by Britain's new refineries, many stations are being converted to burn liquid fuel; and this has called for the installation of alternative burning equipment and large storage tanks.

The building of steam power stations burning either coal or oil will continue at least for a considerable time. At the opening of East Yelland power station, near Barnstaple, in 1955 the deputy chairman of

On left—**THE WORLD'S FIRST FULL-SCALE ATOMIC POWER STATION:** Calder Hall Power Station in Cumberland is seen when under construction for the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. The station's first reactor and its associated turbines are now in running order. The main civil engineering contractors are Taylor Woodrow Construction Ltd.

On left—
THE GREAT POST-WAR EXTENSION TO THE SHELL HAVEN REFINERY, IN ESSEX: Part of the 350-acre site, showing work in progress by the contractors, John Mowlem and Co. Ltd.; the consulting engineers were Maunsell, Posford and Pavry. Built for the Shell Refining and Marketing Company, this part of the refinery was finished in 1951.

On right—
LAYING A RUNWAY: Concrete-spreading and finishing machines are being used by A. Monk and Co. Ltd., in the construction of a runway.

Below—
POWER FOR THE HIGHLANDS: The Loch Sloy Dam forms part of one of the 102 separate schemes considered by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The consulting engineers were James Williamson and the contractors Balfour, Beatty and Co. Ltd.

The Central Electricity Authority said that in order to meet expected increases in demand during the 1960's it would be necessary to bring into operation every year twelve new stations of the capacity of East Yelland. It will be many years before nuclear energy provides more than a small fraction of the total output: and in any case nuclear stations call for civil engineering works on a scale similar to those using conventional fuels, though with special requirements in design.

Water power—which in countries well endowed with mountains and fast-flowing rivers such as Canada, Switzerland and Sweden provides the bulk of all electricity consumed—can only supply a small part of Britain's vast demand. The value of its contribution, however, is greater than mere output figures suggest. And every hydro-electric development presents particular problems for the engineer. The main object in each case is to make the best use of the volume of water available—which usually varies greatly from season to season and from year to year—and of the shape of the country, so as to produce the maximum amount of energy in relation to cost: and this requires close study of local conditions plus experience and judgment.

The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board has considered 102 separate schemes since it was formed in 1943 Each scheme involved a survey of a particular area, with estimates of rainfall, river flows, available "heads," potential power output and cost. For the development of any selected area the prime consideration is the location of the main works—reservoirs, dams, tunnels, pipelines and power stations: and then each must be designed individually with reference to its position and function. Geological conditions must also be carefully studied as they affect, for instance, the foundations of a dam or the method of driving a tunnel.

The last stage, construction, like the first, survey, has to be carried out on the spot—often a bleak and isolated spot—in all the extremes of winter and summer weather. And, though designs and programmes are worked out in advance in considerable detail, there are frequent emergencies such as difficult rock for excavation, or frost which, unless special measures are taken, prevents the setting of concrete. Rain also seems to delight in falling at inconvenient times, so that rivers are in spate when dry conditions are needed for construction of a cofferdam, and shrink to a trickle when plenty of water is wanted for the test filling of a reservoir or pipeline.

In face of such difficulties a number of schemes have already been completed, and the cheap power thus made available has done much to stimulate the development of industries in the Highlands and to provide both employment and better conditions for the inhabitants; while surplus power is exported to other parts of the country via the "Grid."

As to the other chief forms of power, there is work for civil engineers in the National Coal Board's huge expansion scheme—colliery headworks administration buildings, and the complex layout of railway sidings necessary for the swift movement of coal: and they contribute to the petroleum industry's home refinery building programme, collaborating with the specialists who design and construct refinery plant.

A large modern factory contains a bewildering assortment of detail which must all be co-ordinated to a central theme—a sequence of processes so arranged as to allow smooth flow from the point of arrival of raw materials to the loading bay and warehouse for finished goods. Electricity, gas, water, high- and low-pressure steam, drainage, conditioned air, probably some form of mechanical handling, and possibly acids or other destructive fluids, must be conducted to every point where they are required, threading in an intricate pattern through floors, machine foundations and superstructure. Designs—which may run to many hundreds of scale drawings—are prepared in

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A PROPOSED SCHEME FOR IRRIGATION PURPOSES ON THE BLUE NILE, IN THE SUDAN: An artist's impression of the proposed Roseires Dam for which the consulting engineers are Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners. Design is now proceeding on the basis of a mass-concrete buttress-type dam, 180 ft. high and 2,280 ft. long, but with an overall length, including earth embankments, of 4¾ miles. This would provide a reservoir with an area of 65,000 acres when impounded and a gross capacity of 90,000,000,000 cubic feet.

CIVILISATION—THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS

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collaboration with the manufacturer's own engineering staff and perhaps also with a consulting mechanical or chemical engineer. Excavation, foundations, steelwork, walls, floors and various finishing operations may form the subject of many separate contracts—quite apart from supply and installation of machines and special plant—and the work of all contractors and sub-contractors must be phased in a combined date schedule.

Punctuality is a prime virtue in construction of this kind. The shortest delay in bringing a factory into operation may result in a loss of trade that may take many weeks to overcome: and failure to deliver a consignment of pipes, bad workmanship or a strike by a few men employed by one sub-contractor, or unexpected behaviour on the part of the weather, may hold up the work of many besides those directly affected. The resident engineer on a factory site has plenty to think about.

Various methods have been developed to reduce such risks: for instance the pre-casting of reinforced concrete members, by which not only floor and roof units but also large columns and beams can be factory-made and delivered to the site when required for erection. This, as compared with *in situ* casting, both prevents delays due to weather and also avoids obstructing the site with bulky shuttering and dumps of aggregate and cement. Another recent development in concrete technique is pre-stressing, which in appropriate cases gives higher strength-weight ratios than ordinary reinforced concrete, permits wider spans and lighter foundations, and also allows a saving on direct cost due to the smaller usage of steel.

Civil engineering makes its contribution to travel and communications. As to air transport, advances in the technique of runway construction continue. Hangars present a special problem; for example, the great width of span, without supporting columns, required to accommodate a large aircraft. Shipping, as always, depends on docks and harbours. Railways need bridges and tunnels and permanent way.

Roads are, unfortunately, the Cinderella of communications in Britain to-day, and in fact have been for many years. How long can we afford to let the present situation continue? Bad roads cost industry millions of pounds every week in wasted time, fuel and vehicle wear-and-tear—not to mention the toll of life and limb—and the public pays the bill in prices weighted by avoidable transport costs. When at length the Government is persuaded to tackle this question on a proper scale, the engineering industry will be found ready to design and construct the highways we need.

As to work overseas, the annual report of the Association of Consulting Engineers contains a list of major works abroad being carried out by its members. This covers thirty pages. It is arranged under headings of—airports; drainage and sewerage; electrical and mechanical services; harbours and docks; hydro-electric works; irrigation; railways; roads and bridges; structural and industrial; thermal power stations and transmission; water supply. The largest single project mentioned is the Aswan High Dam, which, in view of recent announcements, must now be regarded as at best uncertain; though this need not cancel the compliment implied when the Egyptian Government decided to entrust such immensely important work to a British firm. Next largest is the Kariba hydro-electric scheme on the Zambezi. (Both these have been the subjects of articles in THE SPHERE.)

Among the other items are quite a considerable number whose individual estimated cost runs into millions of pounds. Almost every part of the British Commonwealth is represented, besides foreign countries, particularly in South America and the Middle East, where past generations of British engineers have done such admirable service.

THE ABBEY WORKS OF THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LTD., AT PORT TALBOT, GLAMORGAN · This picture, taken early this year of the Abbey Melting Shop building, shows the extension for four furnaces to the existing structure. Consulting Engineers for the civil and structural work at the Abbey Works are W. S. Atkins and Partners. The civil engineering contractors for various stages of the constructional work were George Wimpey and Co., Ltd., John Laing and Son, Ltd., and Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons, Ltd.

Important works abroad are normally put out to international tender, so that it is not surprising to find foreign names among the successful bidders: nevertheless, a very satisfying percentage go to British contractors or their overseas associate companies. Others—like the various works in Persia already mentioned—are carried out by local contractors under supervision of the Consultants' representatives. Others again are constructed by the Public Works Departments of the countries concerned. Apart from the actual civil engineering work, many orders for supply and installation of plant and equipment—turbines and generators, diesel engines, dock gates and cranes, pumps, pipes, valves, etc., are placed with British firms. Thus the design work—itself an invisible export of great value in cash, prestige and goodwill—also provides occasions for more substantial exports on a very large scale.

This brief sketch will have shown that the civil engineer covers a considerable field. Yet it must not be concluded without reference to a recent extension of his province. Some of the most important work entrusted to Consultants in the past few years has not been directly concerned with design or construction: it has consisted of surveys, estimates and recommendations for the economic development of a large area or, in some instances, of a whole country. The Persian Seven-Year Plan (mentioned earlier) is an example: similar investigations have been completed for other Middle East countries and also for certain areas in Africa. The typical brief is, in general terms, to consider how the resources of a given area may be developed, at what cost, and what return can reasonably be expected. "Resources" will probably include mineral, agricultural, industrial and power potential. The agricultural part of the report alone will cover such questions as soil analysis, climate, rainfall, water available for irrigation, suitable crops and estimated yield. Any proposal for development of manufactures must be related to raw materials and fuel and power supplies, available labour (both quantity and quality), transport, home and export markets and estimated prices.

The Consultant, having provided experts in a dozen different fields to conduct the investigations, is faced with a much more difficult task—to co-ordinate their various reports, giving due weight to each. He must remember also that behind the array of facts and figures two great variables are ever present—nature and human nature; and that the real objective of all his calculations is not the solution of a mathematical puzzle but the satisfaction of a human need.

It might be objected that, if all this is included in the engineer's province, the word "engineer" has lost its original meaning. Quite the contrary. We should remember that "engine"—only recently associated with machines—equals, by derivation, "ingenuity"; and that the true definition of the Civil Engineer's vocation is—to control the great forces of nature for the use and benefit of man. This is, in fact, the basis of the Charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers granted by George IV in 1828.

THE START OF A ROYAL TOUR : Soldiers of the State regular army head the long convoy of motor vehicles accompanying the Sultan of Lahej, in the Aden Protectorate, on his seven-day tour. Camel outriders, who have come from neighbouring villages and settlements, provide an additional escort on the flanks. The Sultan decided to organise the tour in order to meet his subjects in the isolated Subeihi regions, which have only recently been officially incorporated into his desert Sultanate.

A Sultan Goes on Tour

The Ruler of a State in the Aden Protectorate Visits His People

THE thirty-four-year-old Sultan of Lahej, in the Western Protectorate of Aden, His Highness Sultan Sir Ali Bin Abdul Karim, K.B.E., is responsible for the welfare of 80,000 people in a territory about 2,500 square miles in area. More than a quarter of his subjects live in an isolated region of the State known as the Subeihi, which was formally incorporated into the Sultanate as recently as 1953. It was with the primary intention of meeting these people in the wilder reaches of the State that the Sultan decided recently to embark on a seven-day tour.

But this could be no ordinary "Royal Tour" for the proposed itinerary of the journey took His Highness through hundreds of miles of desert wilderness. The twelve vehicles which wound slowly out of Lahej, the capital, one grey dawn, bore mute testimony to this fact. Lorries weighed down with provisions and cooking utensils, tents and marquees, interspersed the line of Jeeps and Land-Rovers which, heavy with distinguished passengers, bounced their way over the sandy tracks. The convoy had all the appearances of a safari leaving for the bush. Accompanying the Sultan on his tour was a Cornishman, Mr. Kenneth Trevaskis, who is the British Agent for the Western Protectorate and the Adviser to those of the Sultans who have treaties with Great Britain. He had been invited together with other distinguished members of the Sultan's entourage to join in the expedition.

The essentials of any Royal tour were present throughout the visit—but with a difference. The crowds of subjects, the flags and the glittering convoy of cars were all there but the details had changed. In place of the motor-cycle escort were armed camel outriders, the discreet Special Branch detectives gave way to lorry loads of troops and the speeches of welcome took place not on the steps of a Town Hall, but in sandy wastes,

(*Continued on the following page*)

On *right*—

A VILLAGE WELCOME : His Highness Sultan Sir Ali Bin Abdul Karim, K.B.E. (wearing sun-glasses), the ruler of Lahej, in the Western Protectorate of Aden, visits a distant Subeihi village during his seven-day tour of the State. He is preceded up the hill to the house of the local sheikh by the village drummer.

A MILITANT WELCOME: The Sultan's car, escorted by camel outriders, passes down a line of tribesmen who fire their rifles into the air to greet their ruler. On the extreme right an army detachment manning the village defence post is drawn up for inspection. Similar scenes took place in all the villages visited.

HAZARDS IN THE WILDERNESS: The "roads" in the wilder parts of the Subeihi regions are not easy going. But when one of the vehicles became bogged down in the muddy creeks, there were always soldiers ready to lend a hand.

TRAVELLING ALONG A RIVER-BED: The convoy of vehicles sets out at dawn along the bed of a river which is beginning to flood with rain. Each day's journey began before daybreak in order to avoid as much as possible the heat of the sun.

A SULTAN GOES ON TOUR

(*Concluded from previous page*)

miles from any urban influence. The scroll of welcome was replaced by the cow or calf which was slaughtered at the feet of the Sultan as a symbol of obedience and welcome.

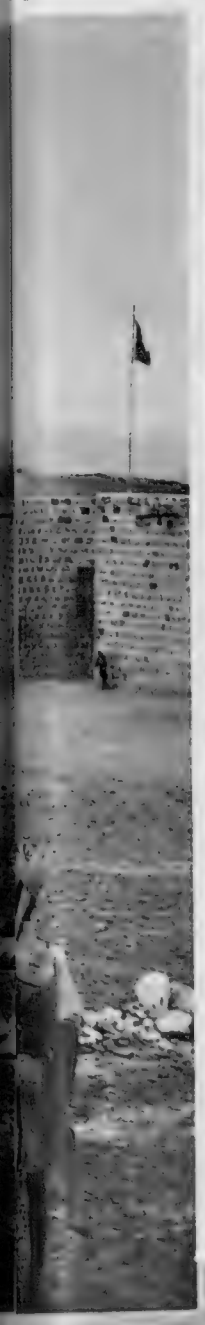
But the duties of a ruler remained the same as those on any ceremonial tour—and as arduous. There were the country dispensaries and schools to visit, the local government offices, agricultural centres, courts and military outposts to inspect, and the hundred and one people, such as local dignitaries, headman and Government officials, to meet in one rural centre after another.

Each day the routine of the tour followed a similar pattern. At many of the country halts along the route the convoy would find themselves passing under triumphal arches erected by the villagers to welcome their ruler. As the convoy stopped at these little settlements between the major district centres, the tribesmen, dressed in their brilliant robes and silken headcloths, would crowd the roadside to welcome their Sultan. The air was filled with the noise of firecrackers and small arms. It is the custom in these parts to welcome visitors with a volley of rifle fire directed low over their heads. The more distinguished the visitor the more concentrated is the fire and the more accurate the aim.

At the larger district centres the same pattern evolved but on a grander scale. An advance guard of the Sultan's party would erect a large marquee in which the ceremonies of welcome would take place. When camp was prepared for the night stops, the Sultan's cooks set to work to prepare the enormous amounts of food for the banquets which their ruler had to give at each halt.

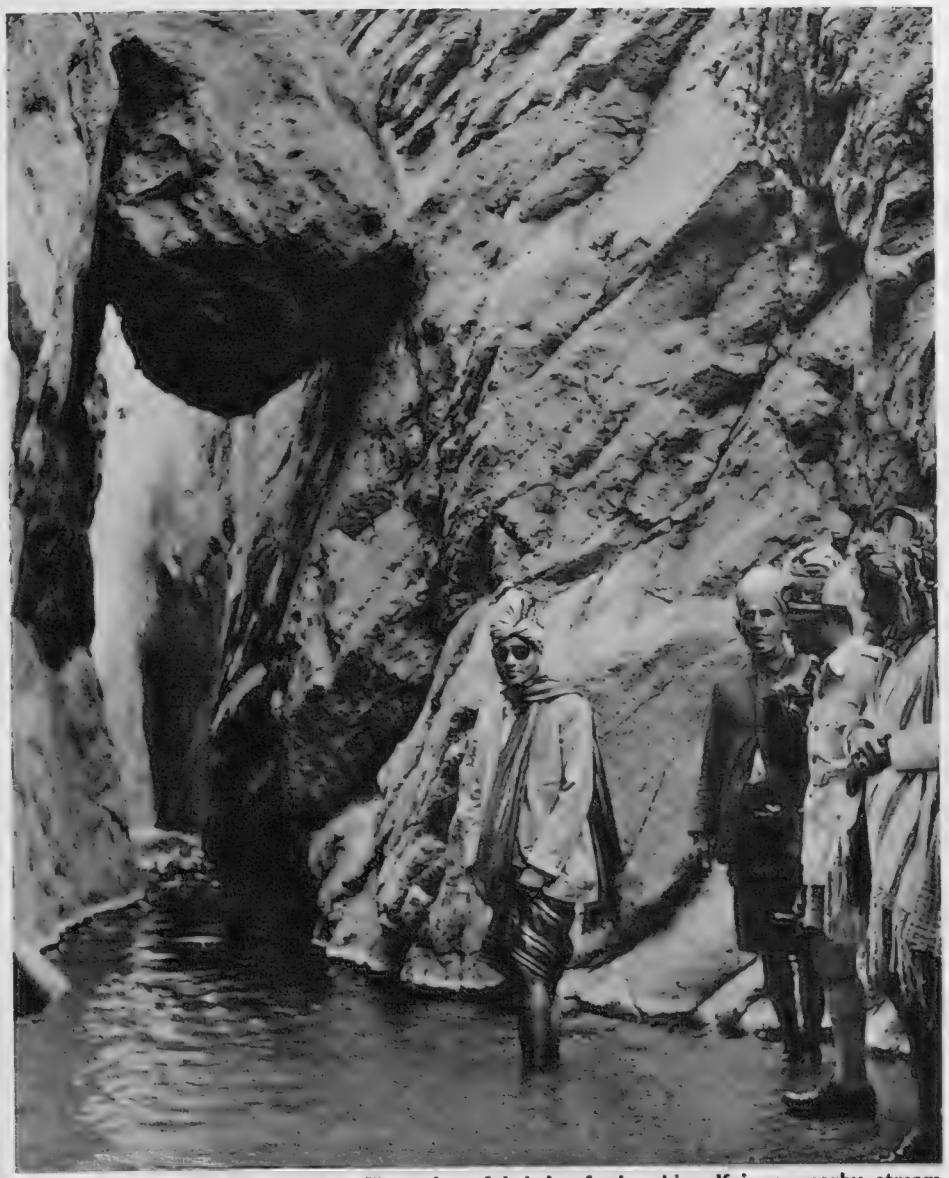
But behind all this grandeur and ceremony, reminiscent of the old Arabian tribes, the real work of the tour had to be carried on. The visits to the schools, courts and offices, the inspection of the isolated military outposts and forts which safeguard the wild borders of Lahej territory were part of the daily programme. There was always a water supply or irrigation system to be surveyed, or fields and crops to be visited, for such things are the life-blood of this country.

The greatest feature of a tour by an Arabian ruler is the large degree of personal contact between monarch and subject. Every villager has the right of bringing his complaints to his Sultan himself. Great sympathy and patience are demanded of such a monarch, for he rules in a country where there is no shame in poverty, but only a fierce pride in race and religion—a religion which puts the Will of God, the teachings of Mohammed and the rights of the individual above all else.



AN ESCORT OF VILLAGERS : The tail-end of the long procession escorting the Sultan through one of the villages winds up the hill to the mosque and the sheikh's house. At some villages the streets were garlanded and spanned with triumphal arches erected by the villagers.

GREETINGS IN THE SUBEIHI : Villagers crowd around the Sultan's car and greet old friends by kissing their hands. In the foreground are the macabre remains of a calf that had been slaughtered as a symbol for the Sultan.

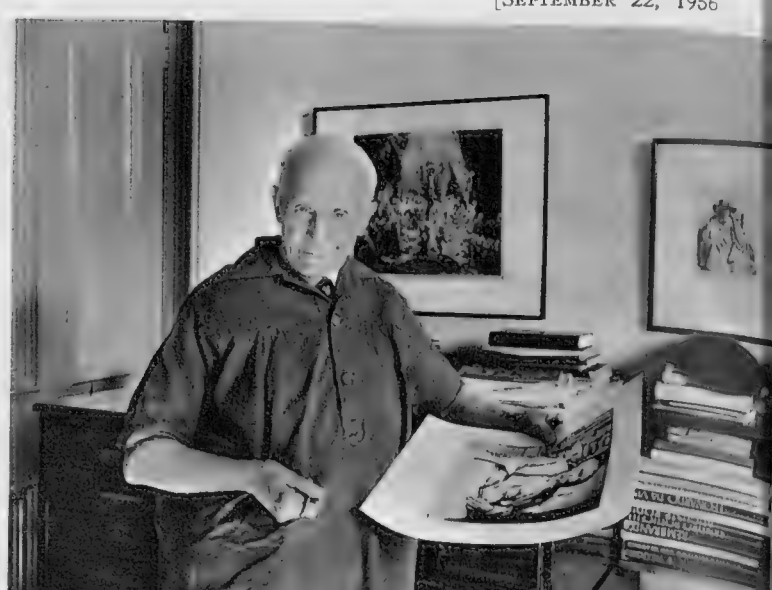


A PADDLE FOR A TIRED SULTAN : The ruler of Lahej refreshes himself in a nearby stream after walking around one of the villages on his tour of inspection. *On left*—After partaking of a meal at one of the halts, the Sultan converses with the villagers.

CONTEMPORARY ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS—6

MALCOLM OSBORNE, R.A. —ACADEMICIAN ENGRAVER

By NEVILE WALLIS

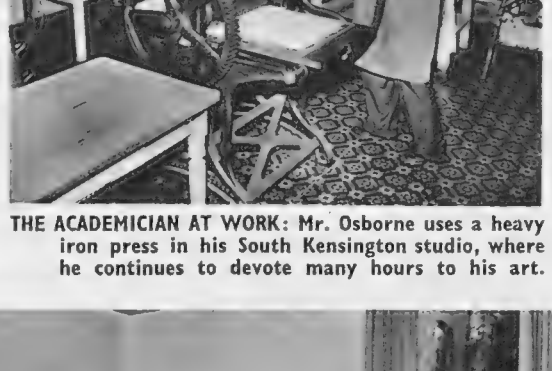


THE ENGRAVER IN HIS STUDIO: Mr. Malcolm Osborne is a prominent exhibitor both at the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers. He has been President of the latter Society for nearly twenty years.

IT is a slight, silvery-haired figure, gentle of speech, who courteously opens his door to you in South Kensington. Here, you reflect, is the proper setting for this eminent engraver. Even the twin columns of the Victorian portico assume a symbolic character, for Mr. Malcolm Osborne is, indeed, a pillar both of the Royal Academy, and of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers over which for nearly twenty years he has presided. The door closes behind you, and you are conducted into a seemly apartment hung with Rembrandt facsimiles and offering the faintest incense of old sherry and solander boxes. The sense of a more gracious past is comforting and complete.

The solander cases, containing the prints of a lifetime, can wait; the decanter, he gently insists, shall not; and before long you are modifying first impressions. For Mr. Osborne is one of those rare veterans as interested in the present as in the past. An attentive listener, he discloses the liberal sympathies of one who has spent many years in the company of the young. It was in 1947 that he retired, indeed, after nearly a quarter of a century's charge of the Engraving School at the Royal College of Art. One of Mr. Osborne's most discerning dry-point portraits is of his friend the late Sir Frank Short, under whom he studied etching at the Royal College in Edwardian days, and whom he eventually succeeded as Professor of Engraving.

Son of a provincial schoolmaster, Malcolm Osborne was born at Frome, in Somerset, seventy-six years ago. After a general education at the Merchant Venturers' School in Bristol (where one of his schoolfellows was Mr. Stanley Anderson, R.A.) Osborne went to study, with his father's encouragement, at the art school in that city. There he won a scholarship for the Royal College of Art, and came to London. At first, however, his course was uncertain, and after some training in sculpture he transferred to the Architectural School, where Professor Lethaby discovered that his student's true bent was graphic art. Osborne, accordingly, came under Frank Short's care, bringing to the craft of the copper plate a useful acquaintance with form and design gained in the other departments. The atmosphere of the Engraving School—more of the studio than a class—suited the young artist perfectly; and, basing his etching on the tradition of Rembrandt, he achieved such success that a British Institute scholarship was presently awarded him.



THE ACADEMICIAN AT WORK: Mr. Osborne uses a heavy iron press in his South Kensington studio, where he continues to devote many hours to his art.

Osborne began etching for publication in 1904, pulling ten impressions of his first plate, "Fish Market, Bruges." This and other early prints gained him election to the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and now he began to earn money by executing commissions. For a firm of publishers he etched some public London buildings, at the same time translating on to the copper plate the more familiar paintings of Guardi, Gainsborough and other masters. To-day, Mr. Osborne must be among the very few who once practised that reproductive method, gradually superseded by photographic processes. More personal work engaged him also, and in 1909 he made a most tender portrait in dry-point of "My Mother," a masterly portrayal of that old lady, her hands folded on her lap, regarding the spectator with serene composure. This thinking likeness was to be the forerunner of many dry-point portraits of friends and public figures, at once revealing and authoritative.

London scenes attracted him, too, at this period, and in "The National Gallery" more is presented than just a delicate glimpse of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields framed by the columns of the Gallery's shadowed portico. For the active little people in the entrance promptly excite one's interest, and there is no doubt that the artist learned from such masters as Rembrandt and Guardi that figures can play their private drama to enhance the grandeur and significance of an architectural setting. A rare excursion into mezzotint followed with his translation of G. F. Watts' noble painting of William Morris; and not long after, Osborne set off on a sketching tour of Sussex with his friend Alfred Bentley, which resulted in "After the Storm, Amberley," the first of his pure landscape prints which breathes the earthy tranquillity of a Millet.

Yet while Osborne has been susceptible to the masters of past time, he has gradually evolved a style with his dry-point or etching tool that is wholly responsive to his reflective sensibility. A distinctive style was, indeed, already emerging when, in 1915, he was abruptly divorced from art, doing his active service in France, Salonika and Palestine. It was on the eve of an attack on the Turks, when he had made all preparations for the trench mortar battery he commanded, that Captain Osborne received a telegram announcing his election as Associate of the Royal Academy. It seems the honour was due less to his comparatively small output of original prints than to his translations, particularly his mezzotint after Watts

Soon after the war, he was invited to take charge of the etching and engraving class at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, which proved a happy prelude to the post he was to occupy with such distinction at the Royal College of Art. The summer of 1920 found him in France touring Auvergne, and the following year he produced a few plates reminiscent of his encounters in the Middle East. At the same time, Osborne was now resuming his dry-point portraiture, finding, as he has continued to do, that dry-point allows a greater freedom in expressing the character of his sitter than the etched line. The portrait of old "Mrs. Heberden" is a superb psychological study, and, technically, shows his practised use of the "burr" in the deep shadows. The "burr," one might explain, is the ragged ridge of metal forced up by the needle, and retaining the ink.

The rich velvety-black of which the "burr" is capable is seen also in the depths behind "Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.", shown standing at the Bar of the House of Lords. Of all the distinguished figures who have sat for Mr. Malcolm Osborne, none, I think, has interested him more than that imposing counsel, from whom a judgeship is said to have been withheld because he once placed the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, in the witness-box. Clarke (who also admitted to the artist his great perplexity in conducting Wilde's defence) is portrayed as the rugged monolith he was, his dundreary whiskers half-concealed by the full-bottomed wig he insisted on wearing throughout the sittings. Another memorable dry-point is of "His Honour, Judge Parry," a benevolent County Court figure who wrote a play called *What the Butler Saw*; and affected an odd little wig with a hole in the crown for ventilation.

So Mr. Osborne will confide to you over his solander boxes, lifting up now a vision of Amiens Cathedral in first light, now an exquisite print of Bruges Belfry in aquatint tones, now again an etched view of Ambleside glistening under snow, to remind you that this was the lakeland refuge of the Royal College in wartime. "One is constantly asked, you know, to do engraved portraits of company directors, and so on. They suit smaller houses to-day. But," he adds regretfully, "I would like an opportunity to return to my London prospects." And with a smile, the least assuming, most craftsmanly of Academicians bids you *adieu*.

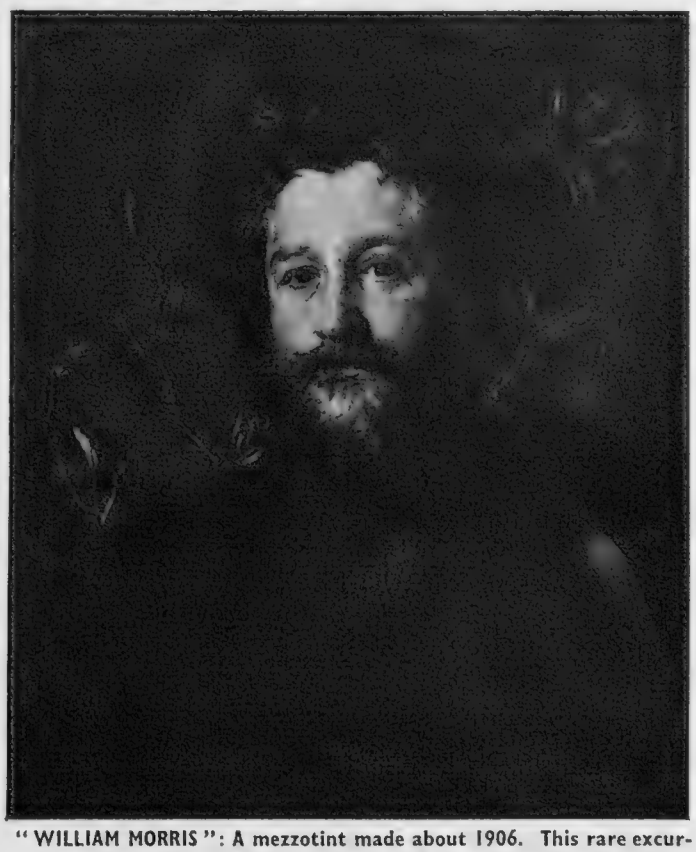
A VETERAN CRAFTSMAN: After being in charge of the Engraving School at the Royal College of Art, Mr. Malcolm Osborne retired in 1947. His devotion to his art continues, however, without the slightest diminution of vigour. One of the legacies of so many years spent with young people is his liberal sympathy of outlook and his absorption in the present.

"MORNING AT AMIENS": A dry-point by Malcolm Osborne, R.A. Soon after the First World War the engraver was invited to take charge of the etching and engraving class at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. He made a prolonged tour of Auvergne, Central France, in the summer of 1920.

MRS. HEBERDEN": A dry-point executed in 1923.

"SPRING AT LOW GROVE FARM, AMBLESIDE": An etching made in 1942.

THE GOOSE FAIR, ALBI": An etching and aquatint which was completed in 1928. The artist has always had a great interest in the part that figures play in an etching or engraving for dramatic contrast in the work.



"WILLIAM MORRIS": A mezzotint made about 1906. This rare excursion by the artist into this field is a translation of G. F. Watts' painting.

THE ROCKY CRESTS OF COLONSAY: Lying between the ridges of hills on Colonsay is the fertile valley of Kiloran, which runs the length of the island and is unique in the Western Highlands. Tucked away at the foot of the slopes, Colonsay House (centre background) stands amid parklands and farm pastures. In the distance the mist-shrouded mountains of Mull stand out against a lowering sky. The valley of Kiloran also shelters the little village of Kilchattan, with its neat rows of houses.

AUTUMN IN THE HEBRIDES

A Visit to the Little Island of Colonsay

For every hundred people who know Iona, there is only one who knows Colonsay. Yet this beautiful little island, which lies 37 miles south-west of Oban, was so important to the founders of the Celtic Church in Scotland that it was second in fame only to Iona itself.

It was here that St. Columba landed in his coracle from Ireland, and here he might have set up his mission church but for the fact that he could still see Ireland from it. Sworn not to live in any place where he could see that land, he moved to Iona, but not before establishing a sanctuary on Oronsay, the southern part of Colonsay, to which it is attached at low tide.

Dedicated to St. Columba, the date of the religious foundation is given as A.D. 563. Most of the ruins which still stand on Oronsay go back to the fourteenth century, and comprise walls of mica schist dressed with freestone, and cloisters with arches of an unusual design said to have come from the east Mediterranean. Within the sanctuary any criminal was safe, and was given his pardon if he stayed there for a year. The great cross of Oronsay still stands outside the chapel, and is reputed to be unsurpassed anywhere for its beauty and detailed carving. It was erected to Prior Colin, who died in A.D. 1510.

LOWER KILCHATTAN, ON COLONSAY: The fields below the village stretch down to the sea at the end of the valley. Most of the houses have been rebuilt and a large number of the older buildings are now steadings. The population on the island is nowadays very small but is nevertheless one of the best-housed in Scotland, and the island itself is one of the most prosperous in the western islands. Its numbers, however, are still shrinking.

Considering the popularity of Iona as an island, which thousands of tourists visit annually, the neglect of Colonsay is surprising, for it is one of Scotland's most beautiful places, with the blessing of an equable climate, considerable fertility, and sheltering trees which do much to soften and beautify the landscape.

Like Iona, it is colour that is its principal attraction—the dazzling brilliance of its sands, its emerald and blue seas, its patterns of purple heather like mats on the green turf, and its stones which gleam like jewels when the sun shines.

It is an island which has been lived in since the dawn of history, and has given some of the greatest archæological finds in the Hebrides, from mounds containing relics of Azilian culture (7000-5000 B.C.), to Neolithic, Bronze Age and Norse relics. Standing stones and a stone circle show the time of the Druids, and there are caves where excavation work would be repaying.

Visiting Colonsay in 1772, Pennant was much struck by the poverty of its inhabitants, though he noted that trees grew well and that the soil was fertile, though not enough of it was producing crops or trees. He thought that ash and maple would do well.

He would see that he was correct were he to return there to-day, for Colonsay is one of the most prosperous islands in Scotland, though the population is only 170 compared to a thousand in his time. Nowadays the population is too small rather than too big, and this term, for the first time in history, the island school went down from a two-teacher to a one-teacher school with only nineteen pupils. This is strange when one considers that the people of Colonsay are among the best housed in Scotland. Most houses have electric light, Raeburn cookers and hot and cold water. There are no poor people on Colonsay to-day.

The most remarkable feature of this island of rocky hills, and a coastline which varies from silver sands to tall cliffs, is the sheltered valley of Kiloran, where Lord Strathcona, who owns the island, lives. Here, sheltered from the winds by high ridges, are parklands, a large farm, and fine stands of mixed woods. Around the house is a garden which has become famous as one of the finest in Scotland.

This hollow between rocky hills, which runs the length of the island, shelters the village of Kilchattan, whose houses stretch in a neat line to the sea. It is a scattered line of crofts along the long loch known as Loch Fhada, where brown trout lurk. Some of the crofts run to 18½ acres.

Kiloran Bay is one of the most beautiful in Scotland. Here the sand is golden, not white as on the other coasts, and it looks north to the mountains of Mull and the humpback of Iona. Jura lies to the east, and to the south is the ridge of the Arran hills. To the west is nothing but the storm-tossed Atlantic, whose great rollers thunder and break in endless procession on the rocks of this lovely island.

TTLE ON THE SANDS : The wide sands of the Bay of Kiloran provide a resting-place for these cattle during the heat of a summer's day. The coast in this area is indented with caves where excavation work turns up a wealth of archæological remains. Tools and relics of past cultures abound throughout the island.

E CLOISTERS OF ORONSAY PRIORY : The strange architecture of these cloisters, with their sharply-angled arches, is thought to have come from an eastern Mediterranean design. The foundation on the island is dedicated to Saint Columba.

ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST : From these jagged crags tumbling into the sea one can see the peak of Ben More through the mist over Mull. The cliffs on Colonsay are the haunts of fulmar petrels and auks, whose nests fill all the many ledges and crannies.

HE ISLAND SCHOOL : The new term begins, but this time with a difference. Due to the small number of pupils, one teacher works there now instead of two as before.

HE BELL AND THE CROSS : By custom the bell is always with the old cross. The latter is not of one piece but is the remains of two crosses pieced together.

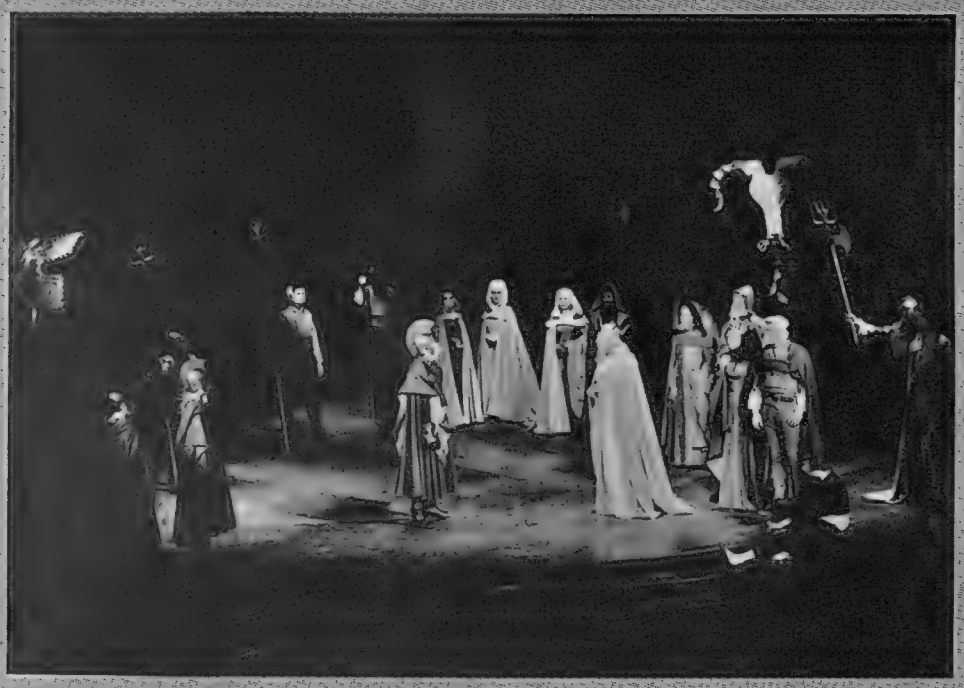
THE SWEEP OF KILORAN BAY : The sands in this bay are golden in colour and not white, as on the other coasts of the Western Islands. The view to the north looks across the waters to the mountains of Mull and the humpback of Iona. In the valley stretching up from the sands is the home of Lord Strathcona, who owns the island.

FANTASY AND VARIETY

The Old Vic's "Cymbeline"; the Coming London Season of the Variety Theatre of China

On right—

"CYMBELINE" AT THE OLD VIC: Iachimo (Derek Godfrey) emerges from his hiding-place after being smuggled into the bedchamber of Imogen (Barbara Jefford). The play was last produced by the Old Vic twenty-five years ago. *Cymbeline* is one of William Shakespeare's less impressive works, but the romantic fantasy of many of his situations was smoothly conveyed by the Old Vic Company. Lovers are separated and children lost, but they are reunited and rediscovered in Mr. Michael Benthall's production with a professional despatch which leaves little time for carping and which shows that the play is more technically proficient than some others of Shakespeare's works. In any case, in this production the absurdities are neither covered up nor made to seem more glaring than they actually are. The complexities of the plot remain to perplex and confuse. The most substantial character in the play is Imogen, who is a paragon of all the virtues, moral and practical.



A ROMAN GENERAL AT A BRITISH COURT: Caius Lucius (David Dodimead), in left centre, confronts the aged British King Cymbeline (Derek Francis) and demands tribute for Rome. Ladies and gentlemen of the court and Roman soldiers stand by watchfully.

A WAGER IS MADE: The villainous Iachimo (Derek Godfrey), standing at left centre, wagers Posthumus Leonatus (Leon Gluckman), seated second from left, that he will prove Imogen faithless.

CHINESE LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT FOR LONDON: Two girls and a man, members of the company of the Variety Theatre of China, put on one of their acts with the aid of what seems to be a full-scale dinner. Following the success of the visit to this country by the Classical Theatre of China last year, arrangements have been made for the Variety Theatre, who have an altogether lighter repertoire, to play a special three-and-a-half weeks' season at the Princes Theatre, beginning next Friday, September 28. *On right*—The troupe performs an extraordinary balancing act with a bicycle.

BIG BRIDGES IN AMERICA

The Lake Pontchartrain Causeway in Louisiana; a Four-mile Span for San Francisco Bay

Above—
BRIDGING A LAKE 24 MILES BROAD: This causeway stretching across Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, was recently opened to traffic. The car in the left centre may take half an hour to make the crossing. The causeway is part of the greater New Orleans Expressway improvement scheme, which will cost more than £125,000,000. The roadway is supported on hollow, cylindrical piles of pre-stressed concrete throughout its length. Forty-eight miles of aluminium railings and safety barriers line the traffic lanes. Cars crossing the causeway are charged a toll of over 7s.

Below—
A NEW BRIDGE FOR SAN FRANCISCO BAY: Illuminated by fluorescent lighting, the undulating, insubstantial-looking length of the new Richmond-San Rafael Bridge spans San Francisco Bay at a point where it is four miles wide. The bridge cost over £24,000,000 to build. In the foreground is a terminal of the ferry which has been supplanted by the new structure. The latter will probably deal with between three and four times as many vehicles as the ferry in the course of its first year of operation, and will reduce the crossing time by nearly half an hour.

HOME NEWS REVIEW

Ponies on Sale in the New Forest; The Opening of the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban; "Rock 'n Roll" Riots in Manchester

PONIES ON SALE IN THE NEW FOREST: An interested crowd looks on while two of the 250 New Forest ponies auctioned at the second sale of the season are led round. The sale was held at Beaulieu Road, near Brockenhurst, Hants, under the auspices of the New Forest Pony and Cattle Breeders' Society. Most of the animals are bought for children to ride—as pets, or as hire ponies—but some still go to the slaughter-houses. The latter are generally the worn-out and useless animals. All are in a semi-wild state when caught.

AWAITING SALE IN THEIR PENS: The R.S.P.C.A. tries to make sure that the ponies are handled as gently as possible, but they are always unbroken and intractable when caught. Water and hay are provided for them.

On right—

THE MARCH TO THE OBAN GAMES: Stewards in Highland dress lead the march through the streets of Oban to the opening of the Argyllshire Gathering. From left to right in the front row are: Mr. Ian Fletcher, Mr. T. H. L. MacDonald, Major Sir Charles MacLean, Bt., Mr. D. Graham-Campbell, Brigadier Ian Stewart, and Mr. Michael Noble. For the first time since the Gathering was founded in 1871, women played a part in the traditional Games, as country dancers.

TEEN-AGE RIOTING IN MANCHESTER: A mob of young people mill about outside the Gaiety Cinema, Manchester, excited by the "Rock 'n Roll" music which they have been hearing. A gang of about fifty youths began to create disturbances and tear up the fittings in the cinema during the performance of a film entitled *Rock Around the Clock*. The film was stopped and police were called. The trouble-makers were ejected, but they began to dance and obstruct traffic in the surrounding streets. About a dozen were arrested. There have been similar disturbances in many places where the film has been shown, and a number of towns have decided to ban it. Some cinemas have withdrawn the film. *On left*—Youths and girls dance outside the cinema, holding up traffic. They continued to dance in the streets until police reinforcements had to be sent for to disperse them.

OUTSIDE BRITAIN

A British War Memorial in Italy; and other News from Europe, Asia and America

On left—

THE CASSINO MEMORIAL READY FOR UNVEILING: On the pillars by an ornamental pool in the formal garden are inscribed the names of some 4,000 officers and men of the Commonwealth Forces who fell in the Italian and Sicilian campaigns of the war and have no known graves. Beyond them are some of the individual headstones of the graves of another 4,000 Commonwealth fighting men. The memorial is to be unveiled by Field-Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis on September 30. Mount Cassino, in the background, is crowned by the white building of the new monastery, erected after the war. The old building was almost entirely destroyed in one of the longest and bloodiest battles of the war and the town of Cassino was practically razed to the ground. British, New Zealand, Canadian, Indian, Polish and United States troops were engaged in the struggle, which raged for three and a half months from January 30 to May 18, 1944.

MILITARY ESCORT FOR AN AMERICAN COLOURED SCHOOLBOY: James Henry Gordon, aged ten, steps from the car in which he has been brought to the school at Clay, Kentucky, by an escort of National Guardsmen. The white population is demanding racial segregation in the schools and National Guardsmen have been brought in to keep order.

A PREMIER WITH SEVEN PORTFOLIOS: Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy (standing) is sworn in as Prime Minister of Pakistan by Major-General Iskander Mirza, the Governor-General. The new Prime Minister, who was educated at Oxford University, has decided to take charge of seven of the fifteen portfolios in his Cabinet.

AT THE SCENE OF SOME OF THE WAR'S MOST BITTER FIGHTING: The cross now stands in the centre of the Memorial which has been erected on the famous battlefield of Cassino, in Italy.

A ROYAL WEDDING IN GERMANY: Archduke Josef Arpad of Austria, and his bride, Princess Maria of Loewenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg, leave the church at Bronnbach, near Miltenberg, in West Germany, after their wedding last week. The bridegroom is wearing the uniform of an officer in the old Hungarian Imperial Cavalry, with its fur jacket, red and blue trousers and fur Cossack-style cap. The Archduchess is in a dress of white tulle with a gold train and diamond tiara. The service was conducted by Bishop Hensgbach of Paderborn. There were more than 350 guests at the ceremony. Many were from old European families and included fourteen Archdukes and Archduchesses, eighteen Dukes and Duchesses, eighty-eight Princes and Princesses, and 101 Counts.

THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN: A float takes part in a procession in Vaduz, the capital. This was part of many celebrations which marked the anniversary of the attainment of independence in 1806 by the pocket state between Switzerland and Austria.

TEST CRICKETERS MARRIED

The Weddings of two Prominent Cricketers are Attended by Members of the England and Australian Teams

On right—

COLIN COWDREY IS MARRIED AT CHISLEHURST, KENT: The England and Kent batsman is seen with his bride, the former Miss Penelope Chiesman, and two of his colleagues in the team which met Australia in the recent Test series. On the left is Peter May, the England captain, who acted as best man, and on the right the Rev. David Sheppard, a curate of St. Mary's, Islington, who took part in the marriage service. He assisted the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. C. M. Chavasse. The marriage took place at St. Nicholas's Church, Chislehurst, and was attended by several other members of the England team. Peter Richardson and Frank Tyson were ushers and there was a congregation of several hundred. Mrs. Cowdrey is a daughter of Mr. C. Stuart Chiesman, managing director of three departmental stores in Lewisham, Maidstone and Gravesend. Cowdrey is one of the members of the M.C.C. team which leaves shortly for South Africa.

AUSTRALIAN WEDDING IN LONDON: Colin McDonald, the Australian Test batsman, leaves St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, London, with his bride, the former Miss Lois Ahlston, a newspaper artist from Melbourne. Other members of the Australian team attended the wedding, the youngest player, Ian Craig, who had just announced his own engagement to a nurse at Guy's Hospital, acting as an usher. After a three-weeks honeymoon on the Continent, McDonald will join the rest of the Australian touring team for the visit to India, and his bride will sail for Australia. Colin McDonald, a school-teacher who plays for Victoria, met his bride in a ship going home to Australia in 1953.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT THE WEDDING OF COLIN MCDONALD: From left are Len Maddocks, Ron Archer and Ian Craig. They attended the marriage service, last week, at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street.

On left—

IAN CRAIG AND HIS FIANCÉE: His engagement to Miss Lesley Hornby, a nurse at Guy's Hospital, was announced shortly before the wedding of his cricketing colleague. Craig and his fiancée are both aged twenty-one.

ROYAL GUESTS AT ST. NINIAN'S CATHEDRAL, PERTH: *Left*—The Queen Mother arrives for the wedding of Lord Carnegie, son of the Earl of Southesk and the late Princess Maud, Countess of Southesk, and the Hon. Caroline Dewar, daughter of Lord and Lady Forteviot. *Right*—The Duchess of Gloucester is accompanied by the Princess Royal.

ROYALTY AT A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Lord Carnegie Marries the Hon. Caroline Dewar in Perth

On left—

AT THE RECEPTION: The bride and bridegroom perform the ceremony of cutting the cake.

A WORD WITH THE BRIDE: She stoops to talk with two of the young pages during the reception at her home, Dupplin Castle. As well as four pages, the bride had four child bridesmaids and six grown-up bridesmaids.

On right—

IN THE GROUNDS OF DUPPLIN CASTLE: The bride and bridegroom are seen with some of their attendants during the reception. Lord Carnegie, who is a second cousin of the Queen, is heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Fife. At the marriage service in the cathedral the officiating clergy were the Bishop of Barking, the Bishop of Brechin, and the Provost of St. Ninian's. Owing to the limited accommodation only 800 of the 1,250 guests could attend the service. The rest went direct to the reception. The bride, who was given away by her father, had a dress of white satin with a design of thistles, heather and roses on the skirt. Her full-length veil of French tulle was held in place by a diamond tiara. All the ten bridesmaids were in white. The Earl of Southesk, Lord Forteviot and the best man, Captain Colin Campbell, were in Highland dress.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD

Road Accidents in 1955 ; The Standard Motor Company's "Hire-a-Car" Scheme ; More Car Radios on the Road ; The A.C. Aceca

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Ministry of Transport's detailed summary and analysis of road accidents in 1955 makes grim reading. The appalling story it tells of death and disablement should shock into startled activity all who have a responsibility in the matter.

But the terrible figures do nothing of the kind. They seem to mesmerise officials into a state of hopelessness. Or is it simply that we are getting used to an annual figure of more than 5,000 deaths ?

A bald recital of figures cannot possibly bring home the full seriousness of this national problem which costs so much in human suffering, misery, wasted time and financial loss. I have seen it suggested, and I quite agree, that the manner in which the Ministry presents its figures makes it difficult for the public to grasp the full implications.

As The Old Stager commented in last week's *A London Newsletter*, the true picture is blurred by the inclusion of "slightly injured" figures in the casualty totals. It would be much better, and the impact on the public mind would be much stronger, if the Ministry concentrated on the number of deaths and seriously injured.

These figures are bad enough by themselves. In 1955 there were 5,526 deaths and 62,106 people were seriously injured. That is an increase of more than 10 per cent. on 1954 in the number of deaths and a rise of 8½ per cent. in the "seriously injured."

One of the most disturbing features of the Ministry's road accident report is the mounting total of child casualties. In 1955 48,710 children aged fourteen years or under were killed or injured. That was 4,577 more than in 1954—an increase of over 10 per cent.

A NEW WORLD'S SPEED RECORD ATTEMPT: The Renault Shooting Star streaks across the Salt Flats at Bonneville, Utah, to establish an as yet unconfirmed world speed record for gas turbine-powered cars of 191.2 m.p.h. This experimental car was driven by M. Jean Hébert. A peculiarity of the all-enveloping plastic body is the tail, which has two projecting stabilizing fins.

BRITISH CARS ARE DEMONSTRATED TO NORWEGIAN BUYERS: These four cars are part of a mobile exhibition organised by Norwegian distributors. The cars are all products of the Austin Motor Company; on the right is the Austin-powered Nash Metropolitan. In the background is the Frognerseteren Restaurant in Oslo.

In this distressing total of child casualties there were 764 deaths; and, don't forget, I am speaking only of children of fourteen or under. Road safety education in schools is doing much to minimise the child casualty figures. This side of the road safety campaign should be prosecuted with the utmost vigour.

What else can be done to check the rising toll of dead and injured ? A good case can be argued for a complete ban on cycling for children under a certain age. Riding tests would be next to useless.

There must be better road discipline among pedestrians of all ages and the police should be given more power of control over the jay-walker (including motorists who have just parked or garaged their cars!). A step has been taken in the right direction in the new Road Traffic Act. It contains a clause under which pedestrians who disobey signals at police-controlled crossings are liable to a fine of £25.

That 's all right as far as it goes, but the police should be given much wider power to curb the selfishness or carelessness of undisciplined walkers.

Magistrates should be more severe with drivers of all kinds who drive dangerously or who allow their judgment to be impaired by too much drink. Fines should be heavier, prison sentences longer. And in the really bad cases the justices should use their powers of disqualification with the utmost rigour.

I know these sentiments will arouse great indignation among many readers, but I am not one of those who regard all motorists as saints. Every day we all see shocking examples of bad and selfish driving of the kind that leads inevitably, sooner or later, to serious accidents.

It is not fair to motorists who behave themselves and drive with restraint that these criminally reckless drivers should be allowed to get away with it. What a pity the police cannot spare more men for road patrol duty—in plain clothes if necessary—to deal with these people.

What else can we do to reduce accident risks ? We need better roads, of course, and the Government must be goaded into providing them at the earliest possible moment. Many cars in everyday use are not fit to be on the roads and the Minister must make speedy and effective use of the powers he has acquired in the new Road Traffic Act to weed out these dangerous has-beens.

The "hire-a-car" scheme announced by the Standard Motor Co. is an interesting new attempt to improve flagging car sales. The scheme was worked out in conjunction with Industrial Rentals Ltd., to help commercial and professional car users to have the benefit of a new car without the necessity of finding the 50 per cent. deposit demanded by the current hire-purchase regulations.

Any Standard or Triumph model can be acquired under this scheme. To get delivery three months' rent must be paid in advance, the annual rental, payable monthly, being based on the following terms: first year's rental equal to 57 per cent. of list price including purchase tax; second year 40 per cent.; third year 27 per cent.; fourth year 12 per cent.; fifth year 6 per cent.; and after that 2 per cent.

An interesting feature of the scheme—and one of which the Treasury can be expected to take special note—is that the rentals paid by business users are an allowable tax expense.

The agreement can be terminated at any time after the first twelve months' rent has been paid but one month's notice must be given.

Let us take a couple of examples to illustrate the scheme. The Standard Family Eight saloon costs with tax £584 17s. The advance rent in this case would be £87 15s. (compared with a hire purchase deposit of nearly £300). In the first year of renting the monthly payment would be £20 9s. 5d.; in the second year £19 9s. 11d.; in the third year £13 3s. 2d.; in the fourth year £5 17s., and so on.

A Standard Vanguard costs £938 17s. The advance rent payable on this model under the "Stanhire" scheme would be £140 17s. The monthly rent in the first year would be £32 17s. 2d. In the sixth and subsequent years the monthly payment would be only £1 11s. 3d. (but the car would be a trifle worn by then).

Other companies besides Standards are interested in this sales-promotion idea but the scheme is being carefully watched by Government officials including, as I hinted just now, gentlemen at the Treasury.

Both the Board of Trade and the Treasury are helping to implement the Government's campaign to beat inflation and if the "Stanhire" and similar schemes appeared to run counter to the credit "squeeze" it is likely that some action might be contemplated in order to outlaw them.

Figures issued at the Radio Show included an estimate that there are now about 300,000 car radios in use in the U.K. There has been an increase of 50,000 in the last eighteen months. Four firms exhibited car radios at the Show: Ekco, Philco, Philips and Pye. These firms are making an important contribution to Britain's export drive. Car sets were being sent abroad during the early part of this year at an annual rate of 26,000—nearly double the total exported in 1954.

An unusual feature of one of the Ekco models is a continuous tuning coverage of some 190-570 metres, obtained by splitting the medium waves into two separate bands. This is in addition to the long-wave band provid . Car radios, which not so very long ago were frowned upon by m people as a possible source danger on the road, are now fir established as a permanent feature of British motori I personally have never thought car radios were in any dangerous. On the contrary, I think they unconscio cause a driver to go more slowly—especially if h listening to a favourite programme and he wants hear the end of it before he reaches journey's end ! my opinion it is no more distracting listening to a radio than to a conversation of a passenger in the c

I have just had an exhilarating drive to the North of England in an A.C. Aceca. This is the hard-top version of the Ace and the car I tried out had the 2-litre 6-cylinder A.C. engine, although the car is also available with the 2-litre Bristol engine (in which form it costs £315 10s. more).

The A.C.-engined model I had out costs a total of £2,063 7s. If you want that kind of motoring I would say the Aceca is good value for money.

The car has a top speed of close on 95 miles an hour, but what is more important in a car of this kind is the extremely lively acceleration. The overdrive (which costs £110 10s. extra, including tax) adds greatly to the value of the car. The overdrive unit is controlled by a little switch easily operated by the finger-tip without taking one's hand from the wheel; but I found it desirable to use the clutch when operating the unit.

The Aceca is one of Britain's few cars with independent rear springing and I would rate its road-holding as one of its outstanding features. The car looks good, has a novel and convenient luggage "boot," and the design of the bucket seats, which embrace both driver and passenger in a firm but benevolent grip, deserve full marks for their design.

A VERY PRETTY BRITISH SPORTS COUPE: The Aceca is the closed version of the A.C. Ace sports car. It features independent suspension on all four wheels, and is powered by the well-tried 6-cylinder 2-litre engine. The cost is £2,063 7s.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE STORY OF A LABOUR PIONEER

The Controversial Keir Hardie ; a Great Hospital is Dissected ; a Quaker Among the Mongols ; Behind the Scenes in an Airport ; a Novel of the South Seas

KEIR HARDIE was a father of the Labour Party and one of the greatest figures in the Labour movement in this country at the turn of the century. However, in the natural course of events his name has ceased to be the household word that it was till at least the First World War, and not even the reasonably well informed could answer a quiz on him at this stage. I do not remember having read an authoritative study of his life, though this must exist, and Mr. John Cockburn's study of the man serves at least to revive the echoes of the old and bitter struggle and to give the reader a colourful impression of this hero in a cloth cap.

THE HUNGRY HEART (Jarrolds. 18s.) tells the story of the Glasgow boy who went to work at seven because the half-crown a week that he earned was vital in terms of food for the family; of the young man who worked in the pits and became a spokesman for the miners' just grievances; of the incorruptible labour leader who was one of the first Labour M.P.s and helped to form the first Parliamentary Labour Group when, in 1906, the astonishing number of twenty-nine Labour candidates were returned.

If Keir Hardie was a rebel against abuses in industry and employment he was as much a rebel on the questions of war and peace. He was against the Boer War—the imperialist adventure, as he saw it—and for that he was branded as a traitor. In 1914 he hoped that concerted action by the trade unionists of Europe would make war impossible, and to this end he and Jaures, who was assassinated two days later, made impassioned speeches to a big anti-war gathering in Brussels in the last month before the outbreak. He died in 1915, again labelled a traitor and this time for good measure a pro-German and a man in the Kaiser's pay, though his objective was so different. In one of his last speeches he had said:

" When the war is only a memory and we are again face to face with the real things of life, then, surely, there will be a great agitation for the complete enfranchisement of democracy, men and women alike, who will . . . break the rule of those to whom imperialism and militarism means wealth and power. . . ."

Mr. Cockburn has forestalled possible criticism of his laxness over dates and other exactitudes by calling this a romantic biography, so one can only agree that that is a fair description of his book and add that he has done an excellent thing in bringing Keir Hardie's name back to our notice.

THIS HOSPITAL IS MY HOME (Gollancz. 18s.) is about Bellevue, the New York hospital that covers five city blocks, that has a daily population of 9,700 people, including patients, doctors, nurses, attendants, cleaners, clerks and cooks, and that averages 1,500 people a day in its clinics and 10,000 people on visiting days. It is also the autobiography of Dr. S. R. Cutolo, whose life has been closely associated with the hospital for the past twenty-six years and who is at present its second-in-command. It would, in fact, have been difficult to have written about one man without writing about the institution. As it has turned out, the personal approach has been the best and the most revealing.

A foundation as vast as Bellevue, and with the scope and ramifications that it has grown to include, could have made a pretty overwhelming subject for a book that has been designed principally as a layman's introduction to the place. By his simple manner of writing and his evident enthusiasm for every detail of Bellevue organisation, Dr. Cutolo has managed to present a wonderfully clear over-all picture and to touch on more aspects of the work than one would have thought possible, even in a volume of 300-odd pages. With his collaborators, Arthur and Barbara Gelb, he has written about the Psychiatric Pavilion, one of Bellevue's most famous centres, and about individual case histories of adults and children whose reason as well as health has been saved. He describes the tradition of service that exists within its multiple walls, the victims of gang warfare, disasters such as the big aircraft that crashed into a skyscraper nearly a thousand feet above street-level, and some of the individuals who have been responsible for the reputation of Bellevue Hospital. Fascinating reading, its appeal is directly due to the way in which the author has been able to communicate his interest and, it often seems, his excitement, to the reader himself.

Except that the author is also an American—in this case a Philadelphia Quaker—it would be hard to find two books more in contrast than the one I have just been discussing and Miss Mabel Waln Smith's travel book, LAND OF SWIFT-RUNNING HORSES (Harrap. 15s.). Quakers, we know, are apt to cover vast tracts of the earth's surface with remarkably little fuss, but Miss Smith seems to have been even more adventurous than most. The land in question is Mongolia, and it was there, on the edge of the Gobi Desert, that she spent a summer with a herd of wild horses, their Swedish breeder and his Mongolian herdsmen and their families. The country, as Miss Smith points out, is out of bounds to most people. The purpose of her book has been to share her enjoyment of it, besides creating a better understanding of the Mongols themselves.

As far as the latter is concerned, Miss Smith certainly makes out a very good case for them. She may surprise some of the less travelled among us by referring to them as debonair. Her style is spirited, chatty and colloquial, and it is also highly evocative. The countless anecdotes of the people themselves—modest, self-sufficient and humorous — are described vividly and affectionately. This is a book of travel experiences that is out of the ordinary and all the more welcome for that.

A FAMOUS THEATRE'S FOUNDATION-STONE IS RESTORED: Lord Esher unveils the foundation-stone of the Old Vic Theatre in London. When erected in 1816, the building was called the Royal Coburg Theatre, but was later renamed the Royal Victoria. Now the Old Vic, it retains most of the original structure.

CALL ME COWARD (William Kimber. 18s.) is announced as being the adventures of a sophisticated German on the run. Colonel Eugen Dollmann is described in Field-Marshal Kesselring's introduction as " a brilliant personality of high intelligence and great personal charm, a man of great diplomatic abilities and a witty conversationalist who was *persona grata* in Roman society. He was also an S.S. officer." The Field-Marshal, in his capacity of Supreme Commander in one of the German theatres of war, used Colonel Dollmann's services when difficulties arose between " the army, the Party and the Italian Fascist leaders," so that his opinion must be well based and in many regards the book itself endorses his judgment. It has been translated from the German by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Penelope Mortimer's novel, THE BRIGHT PRISON (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), is a study of conflicting relationships between four young children, between them and their parents and between the couple themselves. It is a highly perceptive, delicately written piece of work, and is also a thought chilly in its immediate impact and a trifle depressing in its after effects. Mrs. Mortimer deals with a group of people who excite neither affection nor dislike, but at best a faint appreciation and at worst a faint distaste.

THE APPRENTICES (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is a first novel and it has some of the qualities, some of the disadvantages and a great deal of the freshness that the work of a young writer implies. June Hooper has a true novelist's interest in what makes human beings tick. She likes to examine motives and assess character, and even if her analyses are a little too much simplified, that doesn't matter particularly or, in a first novel, matter at all. The essence seems to be there, the creative curiosity that makes writers, and technical weaknesses weigh lightly on the other side of the scales.

Mr. John Fores has had the excellent idea of writing a novel about a great airport and the intimate life that is a part of it, yet distinct from the preoccupations of the travellers themselves. I hear that THE SPRING-BOARD (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) has already been filmed under another title and it is easy to see what attracted the film-makers in this straightforward, half-human, half-technical story of the present day.

HOME FROM THE SEA (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is a novel of Polynesia and France by M. Jean Reverzy, and has been translated from the original French by Mr. Edward Hyams. I wrote earlier in this article of a book's evocative quality and it is present in this book again, in generous measure. Beauty, indolence, corruption and the breath of organic decay is as much a part of life in the South Seas, according to the author, as lagoons and coral reefs. There is an aspect of the novel though, which I found actively distasteful and that is the medical relish with which the narrator, a doctor, describes the physical symptoms of an old friend's illness, down to the details of a *post-mortem*.

THE REAL RACHEL

Joanna Richardson Seeks to Clarify the Picture

Rachel was no modern ; she could not encourage the talent of her own time, and her range was strictly limited. This incomparable French actress, this child of the streets who in her youth had wandered in Paris singing for coppers, knew all these things about herself. She knew the nature and extent of her genius and exploited it to the full. Certain it is that the aura of her greatness still shines upon the French theatre ; but there seems no doubt that Rachel has suffered mightily at the hands of her biographers.

Joanna Richardson has done some intensive research into the life of the great tragedienne and has in particular derived much help from a surprising quarter, the Royal Archives at Windsor. She has also glanced back at contemporary criticism in assessing Rachel's standing anew. This is a most serious attempt at a balanced appraisal, and into the bargain it is a most readable biography. RACHEL is published by Max Reinhardt at 21s.

The things of which the soldier in the field knows most in wartime ; boredom, fear and peril, squalor, comradeship and humour, seldom seem to find their way into war books. Authors, particularly if they are German, often seem preoccupied with the twin tasks of glorification and justification. Here is a book that is different, that is at once an historical and a social document of the first importance. THE INVISIBLE FLAG (Faber and Faber. 18s.) is a vivid eye-witness account by a surgeon in the German Army Medical Service who commanded a horse-drawn front line operating theatre during the terrible Russo-German campaign between 1941 and 1945. Peter Bamm takes us through the sequence of success, stalemate and rout, through the hot, dusty summers and the terrible icy winters, revealing in detail the nature of his work coping with the never abating stream of casualties. The invisible flag is the flag of humanity, emblem of hope to friend and foe alike, and it was the author's obvious endeavour that as far as he was concerned it should never become the flag of a lost cause. This is a lively book; and amid all the mud and tragedy it is marked by buoyancy of spirit and a belief in mankind.

Raymond Postgate's magnificent biography of John Wilkes has been too long out of print. That ill-favoured cross-eyed ruffian, who was, nevertheless, the darling of the ladies, was one of the eighteenth century's most astonishing products. THAT DEVIL WILKES (Dennis Dobson. 25s) has been thoroughly revised since its last publication, and the rather greater tolerance of to-day has allowed the author to include new material about the infamous orgies of the monks of Medmenham, in which Wilkes took part with his usual gusto.

Leonard Russell is Literary Editor of the *Sunday Times* and founder of the famous *Saturday Book*. He reads or examines thousands of new books a year; and now, drawing upon his rich experience, Mr. Russell has arranged a literary banquet for us. In THE RUSSELL READER (Cassell. 25s.) he presents in one omnibus volume six of his favourite modern books. Six well-known publishers have given Mr. Russell permission to print these works, the first of them being *Flush*, that charming biography by Virginia Woolf. Next comes Louise de Vilmorin's *Madame de*, then *The Borrowers*, by Mary Norton; *The Second Curtain*, by Roy Fuller; *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, by Evelyn Waugh, and finally that most discussed first novel *Lucky Jim*, by Kingsley Amis. There are no bits and pieces, no essays or condensations in THE RUSSELL READER—just six books, each in its own way meritorious and each most elegantly illustrated.

In RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS IN BRITAIN (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.) R. L. S. Bruce-Mitford, Keeper of British and Medieval Antiquities at the British Museum, has brought together a number of directors of excavation who give their own personal accounts of research and achievement. This is a book for general reading, not its least feature being the simple, direct presentation which its contributors have adopted to make this a work for layman and expert alike.

From the Stone Age to the Air Age is a mighty leap in time and circumstance. For the Manus of New Guinea the leap has had to be made in twenty-five years. In NEW LIVES FOR OLD (Gollancz. 25s.), Margaret Read describes in a warm and exciting way the present culture of the Manus, the problems the people face in meeting the demands of the modern world and some implications for the future.

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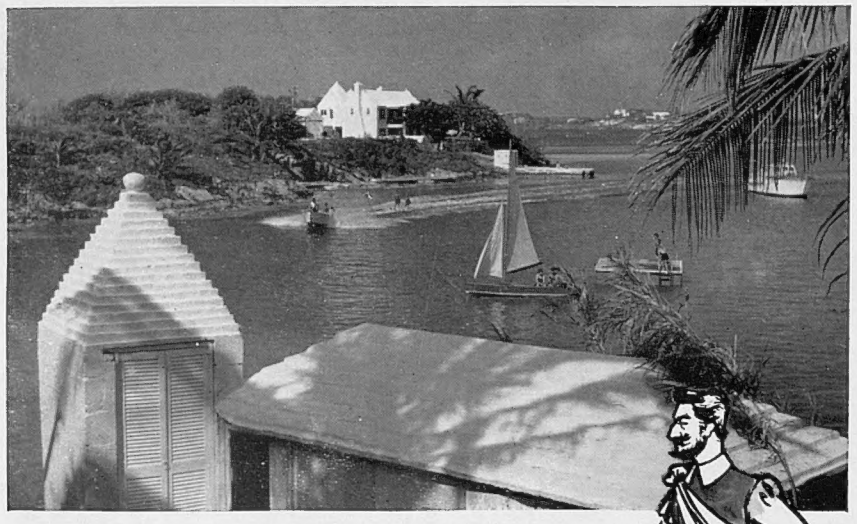

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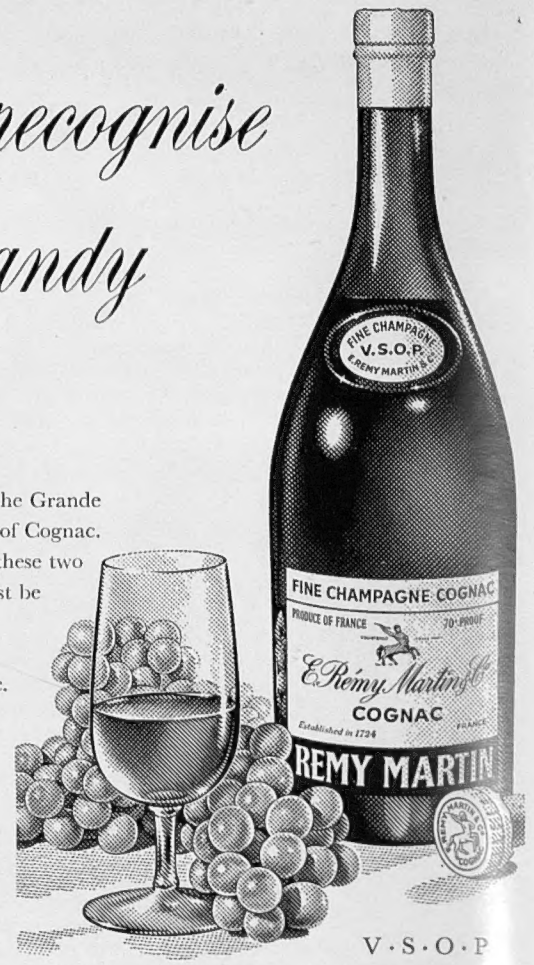

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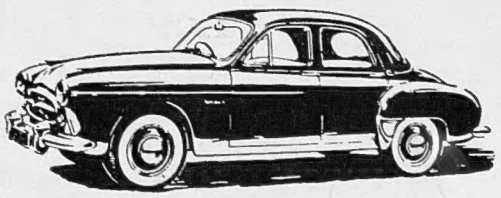

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